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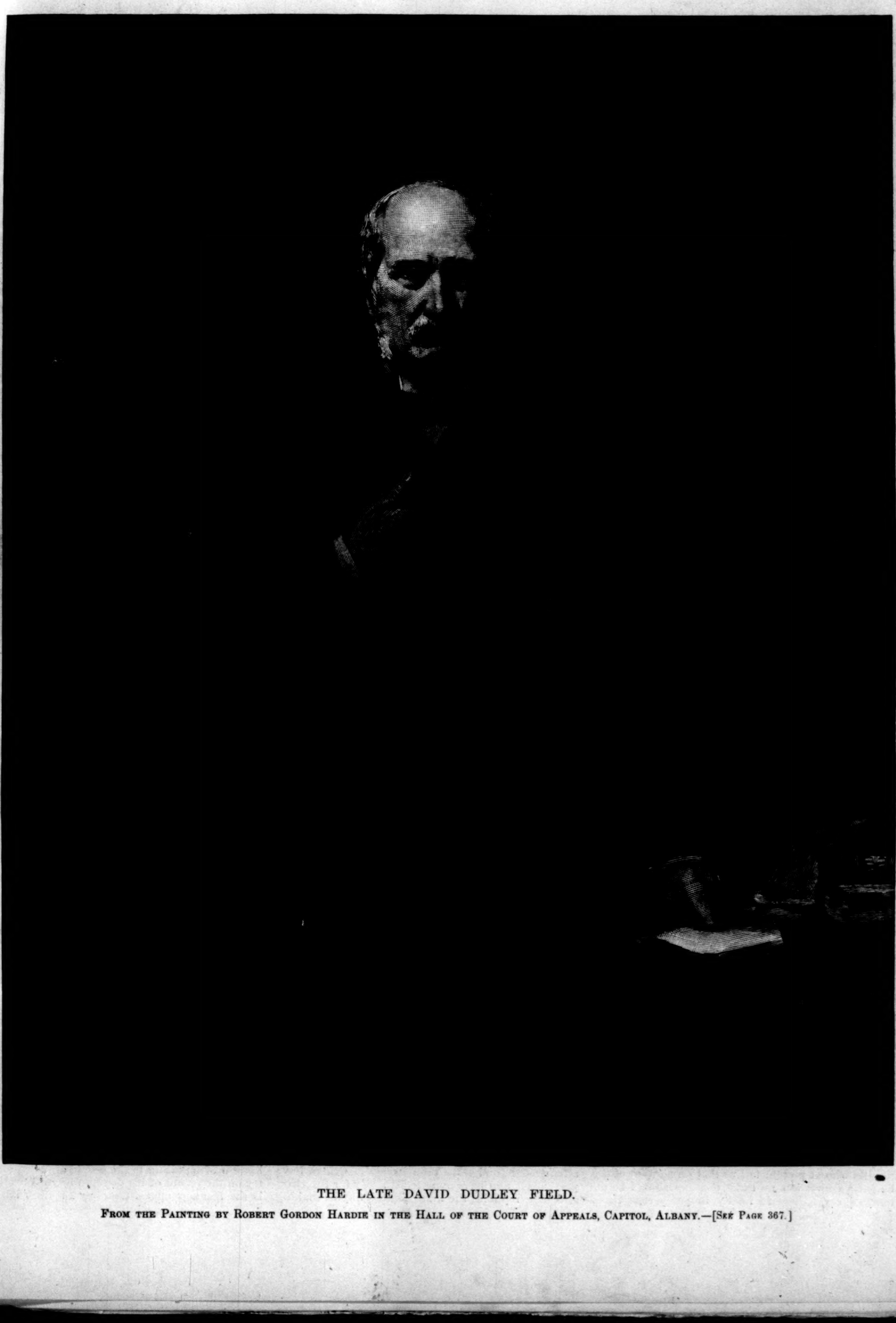

THE LATE DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT GORDON HARDIE IN THE HALL OF THE COURT OF APPEALS, CAPITOL, ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 367.]

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SENATOR HILL.

THE speech on the tariff bill recently delivered in the Senate of the United States by the senior Senator from New York was looked for with some curiosity. But this curiosity was by no means complimentary to Mr. Hill. Nobody expected him to say anything that would in any way increase the stock of popular knowledge, or that would throw new light upon pending questions, or that would make a serious impression upon public opinion. But a good many people were curious to see in what manner Mr. Hill would again contrive to do the greatest possible mischief to the administration of President Cleveland and to the party to which Mr. Hill himself professes to belong. Of course the enemies of that party rubbed their hands with the most gleeful anticipation. It will readily be admitted that the repute which arouses such expectations of a public man is not an enviable one. He must have sunk very low in the esteem of the people to be thought remarkable only for his capacity and willingness to do evil to those with whom he pretends to be politically associated. Such a reputation is, of course, the best antidote for the poisons he may concoct. As a general rule an assault upon a man's motives is a poor answer to his arguments. But when the badness of his motives is so evident that it can easily be identified in everything he does, as it always is in Mr. Hill's case, then it will not only render his vicious devices innocuous, but subject to suspicion even sound arguments uttered by him in behalf of a good cause.

Everybody expected Mr. Hill to take advantage of every possible opportunity for attacking Mr. Cleveland, and, if necessary, to go out of his way for that purpose. But he cannot satisfy that part of the public which is fond of personal bickerings among public men without saying something that is spicy, scathing, sensational. In this respect his recent speech, with its stale, dull, commonplace attacks, was a dismal failure. If he did touch anything in the conduct of the administration that had called forth unfavorable criticism from better men, he unquestionably produced the impression that it could not be as bad as some people thought, because Mr. Hill himself could not find anything more pungent to say about it. His abuse of the administration was, therefore, not only harmless, but rather apt to have the contrary effect.

What Mr. Hill said about the income-tax feature of the tariff bill was somewhat superficial and hackneyed, but in the main sound. That the income tax is unpopular among the business men of this State, and among people who reason correctly on such subjects generally, is true. If there is anything that might reconcile the same persons to this kind of taxation it is the violent opposition to it of so arrant a demagogue as Mr. Hill. Some good citizens may be tempted to assume that there must, after all, be something commendable in a method of taxation to which he has become so demonstratively hostile. Moreover, there is no doubt that Mr. Hill attacks the income tax only because it forms part of a bill the passage of which as a whole he knows to be favored by the Cleveland administration. It is not at all unlikely that, had the income tax been defeated in the House of Representatives by the influence of the administration, Mr. Hill would sadly deplore its defeat for that reason.

The attempt made by Mr. Hill to show that he is as good a tariff-reformer as ever, and that, if he advocates now a so-called conservative policy, it is because not he but the business situation has changed, exhibits him in all his tricky shallowness. Every sensible man knows that a change in the economic policy of a country cannot be accomplished without unfavorably affecting some interests, the prosperity of which depended entirely upon the economic policy to be superseded; that at a time when such interests are most prosperous, the change to be executed will be most disturbing in its effects, and that therefore periods of business depression are the most opportune for transitions from one economic policy to another. The simple reason is that if the transition is worked out under such circumstances, the revival of business always following the period of depression will take place upon the basis of the new economic conditions, while if the transition were put off it would be apt to a certain extent to unsettle business again after a revival on the old basis. Hence the protectionists who at present tell us that on account of the business depression no tariff changes should be attempted, cry still more lustily in prosperous times that "well enough" should be "let alone." The alacrity with which the Republican protectionists in the New York Legislature, as well as in other places, claimed Senator Hill, after the production of his arguments, as one of their own, was almost comical in its naturalness.

Whether Mr. Hill will not, after all, vote for the tariff bill, he leaves in doubt. Perhaps he is not quite sure himself. It may depend upon what he will think, when the voting time comes, as to the amount of mischief he can do without endangering too much his own interests. Mr. Hill is not a happy man. While the position of a United States Senator is generally looked upon as an enviable one, we doubt very much whether any living being envies him. To be devoured by hatred of a successful rival, and by a hopeless ambition to take his place, must be a lamentable state of mind. It may, indeed, be a gratifying thing to him to see how Mr. Cleveland exposes himself sometimes to the criticism of fair-minded men; but he must be conscious of the humiliating fact that he himself, owing to the badness of his reputation, will be impotent to contribute anything to Mr. Cleveland's discomfiture. And as to his own prospects to become President, it must gradually dawn upon him that no political party will ever dare to nominate a candidate so thoroughly despised by every decent man in it, and that even if this contempt were not so widespread, the Democrats, after the expiration of Mr. Cleveland's term, will certainly not go again to New York for a candidate. Mr. Hill, unless bereft of all political sense, must therefore recognize the woful fact that his chances for the Presidency of the United States are on a level with his chances for the throne of Russia. He must feel his life to be, as to its main objects, a wretched failure.

Mr. Hill has, however, achieved one notable success in a smaller way. He has worked himself up to a leading position among those little Democratic Catilines who are at present plotting the destruction of the Democratic party. When the roll of that Catilinarian band is called—Hill, Gorman, Brice, Murphy, and perhaps one or two more—Mr. Hill may, in the popular judgment, easily stand first among them, because he is—in purpose at least—the worst.

TILLMAN AND HIS FRIENDS.

Governor Tillman of South Carolina has suggested to Governor Waite of Colorado the calling of a convention of the discontented at St. Louis for the purpose of forming a new league or party. This is not the first suggestion of the kind that has been made within a year. The motive of the people who are ready to engage in such an enterprise is usually vaguely stated to be hostility to "Wall Street." By "Wall Street" is meant every sound and honest financial institution in the country; every savings-bank; every insurance company; all that represents thrift, and the industry, energy, and talent that enable the thrifty to accumulate savings, to add to the material wealth of the country, to apply the discoveries of science to mechanics to the end that the achievements of the genius of the century shall make life cheaper, easier, and happier to the poor as well as to the rich. It required a book to enable Mr. David A. Wells to narrate the wonderful economic achievements of a hundred years, and it would be impossible in the space of an editorial to catalogue even a small fraction of the benefits that all mankind, including the followers of Governor Tillman and Governor Waite, have derived from the judicious expenditure and investment of accumulated capital, and from its general distribution, through loans and discounts, to business men who have youth, energy, hopefulness, and honesty. The movement in which the Tillmans, Waites, Kolbs, and their kind are enlisted is hostile to the prosperity of the country, and to its further progress and development. These people want something for nothing. They want fiat money, in the belief that they can never acquire anything that is not cheap, forgetting, or not knowing, that when money is cheap the things that money buys become dear. They want for nothing the pleasures, the luxuries, the finer possessions, physical and intellectual, that in the course of nature are earned only by intelligently directed toil. They want the prosperous and the diligent to share with indolent poverty. Henry, the Parisian dynamiter, denounced the statement that the Parisian working-men wanted work. He insisted that they wanted something quite different. In his view toil was degrading and slavish. What he wanted for the Parisian working-men was leisure, opportunities for pleasure, life on the boulevard, at the cafés, the theatre—an eternal Sunday holiday without labor. And this kind of existence for the lazy the Parisian dynamiters propose to force from honest industry, wise prudence, and deserved prosperity by wholesale murder.

Our Henrys and Vaillants do not usually seek their ends by dynamite bombs. Some of them have attempted it, and have been hanged. Others have preached it, and have gone to jail. By far the safer, and, in a republic, the more logical way of making war upon society and the country is in politics. Therefore we had the Farmers' Alliance party, and then the Populist party. We have had similar organizations before, and the country has outlived them. It will doubtless outlive the Tillmans and the Waites, but in the mean time the best thing that can happen is the concentration of the evil. The enemies of the country can be best met and overcome when they are gathered in one band under acknowledged leaders, and Governor Tillman, even more than Governor Waite, is the natural leader of the people who, through viciousness or ignorance, hate everything that promotes the welfare of the country.

The troubles that broke out in South Carolina, disgracing the State and the country, culminating in bloodshed, the overthrow of the civil power, and the establishment of martial law, are to be charged immediately to Governor Tillman. He is the perfect flower of the rule of men who, everywhere throughout certain sections of the country, are clamoring for a distribution of the property they have not earned. Governor Tillman boasts that he and his party have overthrown the "oligarchy" of South Carolina. The term "oligarchy," like that of "Wall Street," is indefinite and general. Governor Tillman means to include in the class which he dislikes the wealth and intelligence of the State. He means the men whose family roots run far back into the State history, who are proud of their past, whose interests lie in good government. Tillman has overthrown these men, of whom Wade Hampton, who refused to court Tillman, and Judge Brawley, whose course on the silver question is one of which the State will some day be proud, are excellent specimens. He has supplanted civilization with barbarism, placed ignorance in the seats of learning, contaminated the judiciary, and proclaimed war on private rights and the public credit.

Fresh from the field of his war against the best public sentiment of South Carolina, while the country is still listening to the echo of his incendiary speeches, while his constables and their enemies are still untried for the murders that are the direct consequences of the ascendency of him and his party, he invites the co-operation of Governor Waite of Colorado, the man who threatened to wade in blood up to his horse's bridle if the bill repealing the Sherman act should become a law. These two are to lead a crusade for the purification of the government of this republic. They are to seek to take away all power and influence from the men who have built our railroads, our telegraph lines, our factories, who have cheapened food by lowering the cost of production, who are the trustees of widows and orphans, and of the savings of our industrious working-men. If they succeed, they are to make laws against those who lend money to the merchants, the farmers, to the pioneer, the discoverer, the projectors of lines of transportation, the men who open new territories and lay bare new sources of wealth. Tillman and Waite are to conduct a campaign against "Wall Street" in the interest of people who will not work, of cheap-money men, of restless theorists who fancy that government can make something out of nothing to their advantage. What kind of a republic this would be under the rule of Tillman and his party is illustrated by the barbarism which has ruled South Carolina within a month.

Tillman and Waite do not know how far "Wall Street" extends, nor what it means. The group of speculators whose clamorous tradings fill the newspapers is not "Wall Street," nor is "Wall Street," within the meaning of its critics, confined to New York. "Wall Street" is accumulated and active wealth. Not only are the savings-banks and trust companies part of "Wall Street," but the banks also, whose customers and debtors are in every city and hamlet of the land. These bankers whom the Tillmans hate are the men who recently patriotically came to the rescue of the government's credit against the assaults of the Tillmans, the Waites, and all that they represent. When their new party is formed they will gain a clearer view of what they call "Wall Street." They will learn that every city and town has its "Wall Street"; that the financial and business interests of this country are one, and not many; that the man who lends money is as deeply concerned in the prosperity of the man who borrows as the borrower himself; that what makes for the profit of the East affects the profits of all other sections of the country; and they will learn, too, that the industrious and prosperous people of the country will not permit its civilization to be overthrown by its ignorance and its barbarism; that war upon capital cannot be waged by one section against another, but its battles must be fought in every State, wherever there is a merchant, or a manufacturer, or a farmer who is making his farm pay. These men in South Carolina and in Colorado, as well as in New York or Boston, have no idea of divorcing themselves from the capital which is helping to build up their States.

It is well that Governor Tillman has bethought himself of appealing to the people of the whole country on the record of his deeds in South Carolina. It is the frankest appeal that any Populist has made.

He points to Darlington and his harangues, and tells the country that this is what the rule of the Populist, the communist, the anarchist, means. And so it is, whether it comes forth in its own name or in the disguise of Democracy. It is best that it should present itself as a distinctive party, and under the leader who has earned the right to command the enemies of society. But when he comes to try conclusions with the men who represent the intelligence and progress of the country, he will find that the example of South Carolina is not contagious, and that he and his friends in Colorado, Alabama, and elsewhere cannot dominate the land. The republic has not turned backwards, and its people are not minded to place their interests and their government in the hands of the idle, the reckless, the vicious, and the ignorant.

UPPER HOUSES.

It is rather odd that the two main branches of the English-speaking race, which prides itself upon having clearer political notions and more available political machinery than any other race, should just now be considering the disadvantages of a constitutional feature that is common to both. Bicameral representation is certainly a feature of Anglo-Saxon institutions, and so necessary a feature that in this country there is not a State Legislature, and there is hardly a municipal legislature, that does not consist of two chambers. It is a feature that has been imitated wherever the English model has prevailed. And yet there is at the same moment a widespread popular dissatisfaction in each of the two great English-speaking countries with an essential part of its institutions. In Great Britain that feeling has found expression in a particularly earnest and urgent repetition of the demand for the "mending or ending" of the House of Lords, and in the quite unprecedented and equally unexpected passage in the House of Commons of a protest against the nullification of the will of the people by legislators not chosen by the people. In this country the popular discontent with the long delay of the Senate to take action upon the new tariff bill, following its long delay to take action upon the silver bill, has found no such formal expression; but that it is very rooted and very widespread nobody who goes about much can fail to see.

In fact the American Senate is a much less popular, or a much more unpopular, body than the British House of Lords. The two acts that have drawn down the wrath of the British radicals upon the House of Lords are the almost unanimous rejection by that body, after a contemptuously brief debate, of the Irish home-rule bill, and the free and hostile amendment by it of the parish councils bill. It was probably the latter rather than the former that determined the passage by the House of Commons of Mr. LABOUCHERE's resolution of censure and protest. In each case the Lords were accused of voting and acting in the interest of their own class, the landlord class, against the public interest. But in the case of Irish home-rule they were backed by a very large minority of the British people, and an actual majority of the English people, as represented in the House of Commons. There are educated Englishmen in great numbers who are ready to maintain that the power of the Lords to compel the reconsideration of a measure, and even to secure a *referendum* on it, is not only a most needful power, but also that it was wisely exercised in the case of home-rule. As to the amendments to the parish councils bill, not so much is publicly said in favor of the Lords by persons who have any political ambitions of their own. Indeed, it is very unlikely that if the Lords had been responsible to the public, or even to a select class of the public, and had depended upon public favor for their seats, they would have ventured upon the amendments to this measure.

The Senate is really much more obnoxious than the Peers to the charge of caring nothing for the country and of being virtually irresponsible to the people, to whom, in theory at least, it is responsible, though the responsibility is enforced in a circuitous manner and at long intervals of time.

The business of the whole country suffered from the uncertainty what would be the fate of the silver bill, and demanded that a speedy solution should be reached, while Senators, theoretically servants of the people, were making interminable speeches, avowedly for the purpose of delay, though they knew that the delay was very injurious to the country. The business of the country has suffered since because of the uncertainty respecting tariff legislation. It is agreed upon all hands that neither the enactment nor the rejection of the WILSON bill could have so paralyzing an effect upon industry and trade as the uncertainty whether it will succeed or fail. Yet Senators, perfectly aware of the mischief their delay was doing, were for all those weary weeks smothering the bill, not in open Senate, where every Senator could be held accountable for his propositions and his actions, but in the huggermugger of a committee-room, where the authorship of proposals, dictated, like the course of several Senators on silver, by the personal interests of the proposers, was not avowed and was not expected to be divulged.

Undoubtedly this has been a shameful and sorrowful spectacle, and a spectacle, moreover, that was adapted to excite indignation. It was more scandalous than the delay in acting on the silver bill, because in that case the "silver Senators" represented their local sentiment, with the exception of the Senators from Nevada, who have not the half of a Congressional constituency between them, and who cannot be said to represent anything but some abandoned mines. In the later case, the Senators who were most active in their endeavors to tinker the tariff bill were most anxious not to let their constituents know what they were doing. They formed a practically irresponsible body, and they are quite as open to the charge of using their legislative powers in their own interests as the British Lords, while they deprive the public, to which they are not responsible, of the safeguard of publicity by carrying on their official functions in secrecy. Of the two Upper Houses, the House of Lords is not at the present moment the more anomalous nor the more scandalous.

THE MINNESOTA MANIFESTO.

There has not been a more significant or a more promising act in American politics for many years than the protest of the Democracy of Minnesota against the action, or rather the inaction, of the Democrats in Congress. The protest is not the less significant because it has no official character. It is the irresponsible deliverance of a few men who happen to occupy high places in the councils of their party, and who have become wearied and disgusted with the behavior of its representatives in Congress. It owes its whole force to the general acceptance of the accuracy of its description of the existing state of affairs, and of its explanation of the causes for that state of affairs.

That it is the truth nobody can successfully dispute. The Democratic party came into power, both in the Presidency and in Congress, under and in virtue of a distinct pledge to reform the tariff. The President has been in office more than a year, Congress has been in session more than four months, and the pledge is still unfulfilled. There are not wanting those in both parties who maintain that the party has lost its hold upon the people by reason of the ineffectual attempts that have been made by the President, and by those members of Congress who are in sympathy with him, to fulfil the pledges of the party and to execute the popular mandate under which it obtained power. But, in fact, it is not by endeavoring to keep its pledges to the people that a party loses its hold of the people. It is by breaking its pledges, as the pledges of the Democratic party have been broken.

Nobody will or can quarrel with the statement of the case that is made by the Democrats of Minnesota. "In less than two years," they say, "after winning the most complete victory any party ever won, still in full possession of the power then given us, we present the appearance of a defeated party, while our opponents, routed in the battle, wear all the airs of victory." Everybody knows that that is not a rhetorically exaggerated but a literally exact statement of the case. This revulsion has occurred while the party against which it has occurred has been in full control of the government, and could, if it had been united and determined, have enacted whatever legislation it chose to enact, and the people demanded that it should enact. The denunciation by the Minnesota Democrats of the "undue and needless measure of protection" left in the tariff bill seems to us exaggerated, and to leave out of view, not so much the political temptations to which the revisers of the tariff were subjected as the extreme care and prudence with which it was necessary for them to proceed in dealing with interests that were actually, if not legally, vested interests. However that may be, it is distinctly true that the tariff bill, as it was introduced into the House, was a measure so moderate that nobody who voted for Mr. CLEVELAND or for a Democratic member of Congress in 1892 could object to it, except upon the very score of its moderation.

Such was the bill that was sent to the Senate, and such was the bill that has been muddled over for months, not in the Senate, but in the committee-room, where it could be stealthily overlaid with amendments offered, as the price of their support, by interested or controlled Senators, who thought thus to escape all public responsibility for their propositions.

The question who the men are who have thus betrayed their party and their country is a question that the public have a clear right to have answered, in spite of the efforts of the Senators concerned to conceal their action. It has been answered in these columns by naming eight of these Senators. The Minnesota Democrats name three more. Their list is Senators BRICE, HILL, MURPHY, MCPHERSON, SMITH, GORMAN, GIBSON, CAMDEN, CAFFREY, WHITE, MORGAN, and PUGH. These Senators are thus designated for the particular attention, which they should not fail to receive, of their constituencies in particular, and of their party in general. The manifesto of the Democrats of Minnesota is but the first open and avowed attack by men who take the responsibility of their attack upon the Democratic Senators who have caused their party to violate its pledges and have put it to an open shame before the country. But it is not likely to be the last. It is likely, on the other hand, that Democrats everywhere will follow the example thus set, and will express the weariness and disgust with the action and inaction of the Senate which is felt throughout the country by members of both parties.

THE OWEGO STATESMAN IN NEW YORK CITY.

The MILHOLLAND movement, the bipartisan police bill, good government in the city of New York, and the attempt to put the whole Republican party under the absolute control of THOMAS C. PLATT, of Owego, are so thoroughly interlaced and interwoven that it is difficult to discuss one without discussing all. On the one side is Mr. PLATT, who has shrewdness and persistence worthy of a better cause, who for years has maintained absolute control in Republican State politics. Friends have been rewarded, enemies punished, but no step has been taken by him except with a view of intrenching himself in power and making himself feared.

The Committee of Thirty, the only regularly constituted Republican body appointed to reform the county organization, is well known. Their labors have been arduous and disinterested, and they propose to give the voters an opportunity to be heard, and this can be done by having nearly 1200 small districts instead of a few large ones, the control of which Mr. PLATT could easily secure. This plan of reorganization has been adopted, will be successful, and will be the Republican organization in the city of New York. The enrolment under the committee's banners definitely settles that. The MILHOLLAND movement is kept alive in order to secure recognition at the State Convention, if Mr. PLATT so desires, when there is not a shirt and a half in the MILHOLLAND brigade.

The bipartisan police bill is very closely connected with this MILHOLLAND movement. Mr. PLATT, it is charged, has made a deal with Mr. CROKER whereby if the present commissioners are turned out four new ones will go in, two of whom will be Mr. PLATT's appointees. As originally intended they were to be Mr. PAYN, Mr. PLATT's chief lieutenant in the State, and Mr. MILHOLLAND, Mr. PLATT's chief lieutenant in the city. But PAYN would prefer to stay on the outside, and at present it stands as MILHOLLAND and ex-Postmaster CORNELIUS VAN COTT. This programme, it is declared, would please Mr. CROKER, because it might save the present Commissioners of Police from any act of which they may have been guilty. The commissioners practically appoint the inspectors of election, and if Mr. PLATT could have two commissioners he would unquestionably give more assistance to the MILHOLLAND brigade than to the regular organization. He would also thus secure the first firm foothold that he has had in the city of New York.

This bipartisan police bill is nothing more than a political game of battledoor and shuttlecock. This is the situation in a nutshell. It is for the politicians and not for the people.

What a fine old time there will be when the CROKER commissioners and the PLATT commissioners are called to account for a city's shame! The juggle among the commissioners to fix the responsibility will end in their retention, and with decent folk still helpless. The Democrats and the Republicans who from inherent respectability believe in decent government for the greatest city on the American continent insist upon a one-headed Police Commission, and this must eventually come to pass. It will then be a very easy matter to focus responsibility for wrong-doing.

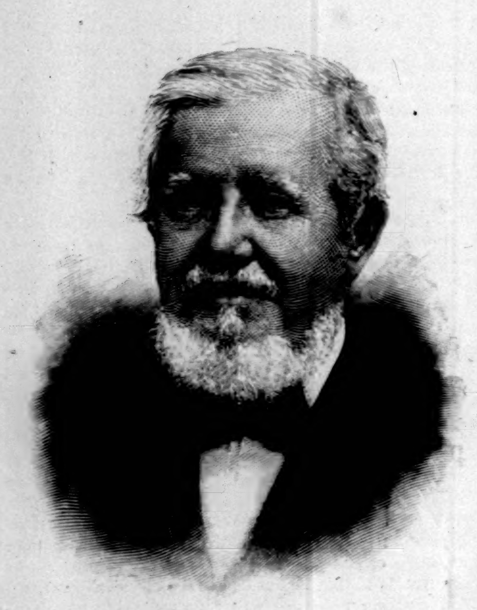
The present situation of the Republicans in the county is that under the Committee of Thirty there will be an organization determined to do away with boss rule absolutely, to stop the levying of tribute on corporations, and to reform the abuses existing in the city government. They do not propose to have any deals, directly or indirectly, with Tammany Hall. They propose to ask all good citizens to help them, and trust in the Lord and keep their powder dry. It is simply a determined stand against boss power, and no matter how general the fight may seem to be, and no matter how much smoke is over the field, on one side a boss is trying to control something which he does not control, and on the other side is a determined effort to prevent it.

THE NEW YORK CITY SCHOOL SYSTEM.

For ten years or more there has been agitation, more or less well directed, and more or less constant, for the improvement of the public schools of the city of New York. It is felt throughout the country, and by a considerable proportion of intelligent New-Yorkers, that the school system of the metropolis is neither so efficient nor so well organized and administered as it ought to be. Foreigners are directed to Indianapolis, to Minneapolis, or to Boston to see the best results of the American public-school system, but never to New York. Some years ago a Public Education Society was organized by a group of well-known men and women, and though its life was short, it did accomplish something by insisting upon having the overcrowding of the primary schools and the bad sanitary conditions in many of the buildings relieved. But even at that time it was found that an insuperable obstacle to any really effective reforms existed in the school law of the State. This made provision for a board of education, a superintendent and assistants, a body of inspectors, and boards of ward trustees. The powers and authority of these redundant officers were not carefully delimited, and by passing the responsibility for abuses from one to another they were able to preserve the *status quo*. Great satisfaction was felt, therefore, when in 1893 the Legislature authorized the appointment by Mayor GILROY of a commission of five to investigate the organization and administration of the public schools, and to draft a bill to provide for the changes that might be found necessary. The gentlemen selected for this service were E. ELLERY ANDERSON, STEPHEN H. OLIN, OSCAR S. STRAUS, DAVID MCCLURE, and THOMAS HUNTER.

After a careful study of the facts, and after granting public hearings to all persons interested, this commission has drawn up a bill that is now before the Legislature at Albany. Its main features are the increase of the powers and responsibility of the board of education, the virtual abolition of the ward trustees (who have been the source of many and flagrant abuses), and the institution of a board of superintendents, with important powers in matters purely educational. All three of these departures are commendable, and it is to be hoped that they will become part of the school law. The bill contemplates a city superintendent of schools, at a salary of $7000, and one district superintendent, at a salary of $5000, for every school district of 100,000 inhabitants. Taken together, the city and district superintendents are to constitute a board with the power to license and nominate teachers. The ward trustees are to serve three years, instead of five as now, and are reduced to the rank of mere visiting committees. The inspectors are abolished.

The scheme of reform proposed is a promising one, and if put into operation intelligently and in good faith it ought in time to raise the New York public schools beyond the reach of the politicians and time-servers, and make them as good as those of Indianapolis, Cleveland, or any other city in the country.



THE REV. WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D.D.

It is said that a famous Oriental in Berlin, being asked whether the missionaries in India were doing any good, replied, with great seriousness, "Yes, a great deal—to themselves." He who has any acquaintance with the history of the foreign missionary movement must indeed be blind if he does not recognize the value of the contributions which foreign missionaries have made to our stock of geographical, ethnological, and other sciences. It is by the contributions thus made that the Rev. William McClure Thomson, D.D., is more widely known. *The Land and the Book* was first published in two volumes in 1858, and subsequently revised, re-edited, and in parts rewritten and republished in 1880–86 in three large octavo volumes. The circulation of this work in this country has been larger, probably, than that of any analogous work, and it was declared before the Commission of the British Parliament on International Copyright to have had a larger circulation in Great Britain than any American work except *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The value of a book is not to be determined, however, chiefly by the extent of its circulation, but rather by the nature of its service. The peculiar value of Dr. William M. Thomson's contribution to our knowledge is indicated by the title of his work; he has indissolubly connected in the public mind the Holy Land and the Book which makes that land holy in the thought of all Christendom. These volumes are the product of nearly half a century's residence in the land and amid the scenes described. The major part of them were written on the very spots so graphically depicted—a fact which gives a peculiar local color and warm personality to the descriptions—and the multitudinous illustrations are from the author's own photographs of the scenes portrayed. A certain simple imagination and genuine feeling serve to give to Dr. Thomson's narration of Bible incidents a photographic realism, so that it may be safely said that no book, unless possibly it be Dean Stanley's *History of the Jewish Church*, has done so much to bring Bible scenes within the horizon of an ordinary experience, and to make Bible incidents like actual occurrences and Bible characters seem like living men, as *The Land and the Book*. What Dr. Thomson said in the preface to the first of his three volumes may be repeated here in grateful recognition of his service to the Bible student:

"In many departments of Biblical literature the student in Europe or America, surrounded by ample libraries, is in a better situation to carry on profitable inquiry than the pilgrim in the Holy Land, however long his loiterings or extended his rambles. But it is otherwise in respect to the scenes and the scenery of the Bible, and to the living manners, and customs of the East which illustrate that blessed Book. Here the actual observer is needed, not the distant and secluded student. To describe these things and such as these one must have seen and felt them; and this the author has done through many years of vicissitudes and adventure, and whatever of life and truthfulness there may be in his pen-pictures is due to this fact."

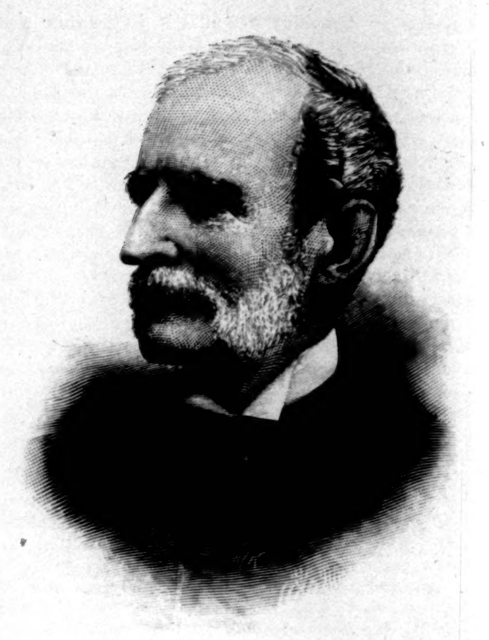
To this paragraph it needs only to be added that life and truthfulness do characterize these pen-pictures in an eminent degree.

But though it is by the publication of these volumes that their author is best known in England and the United States, they by no means constitute his only or his chief service to mankind. Dr. William McClure Thomson was born in Springdale, Ohio, in 1805, and was accordingly in the eighty-ninth year of his age at the time of his death last week in Denver, Colorado. He graduated in 1828 from Miami University, and in 1832 went to Syria as a missionary for the American Board, at that time an undenominational society organized for the propagation of the gospel in foreign lands, though since, by the gradual withdrawal of other denominations, it has become practically Congregational in its character. His life and labors in Syria are a splendid refutation of the too common sneer at foreign missionaries. He found Syria already occupied by various archaic forms of Christian organization and dogma. Sectarian strifes in the United States are insignificant in comparison with those which separate these ancient Christian Churches into opposing sects, whose zeal against each other is in exact proportion to their indifference for the simple virtues of faith and hope and love. He saw that merely to gather together another Christian Church, patterned after those of the Anglo-Saxon communities of the New World, would be only to add another sect where there were already too many. He saw that education, not theology, nor even emotional experience, was the vital need of this country. A scholarly man by nature, he made himself a pre-eminent Arabic scholar. Joining hands with his junior in years, the Rev. Daniel Bliss, and securing the cordial co-operation of other colleagues in the missionary field, he co-operated with them to set in operation the educational movement which, extending in its influence far beyond all the missionary schools, has done so much to revolutionize education throughout the Turkish Empire.

In this educational movement the missionaries were far in advance of the churches in this country. The American Board, whether wisely or not it is not for me here to consider, declined to undertake the establishment of higher institutions of learning. The leaders in the board sympathized with the work; but there were too many in the churches who would regard direct appropriations to such educational work as a diversion of funds. In 1862 Daniel Bliss came to this country, and divided his time equally between labors for the American Board and raising money for a college to be founded in Beirut, while Dr. Thomson remained in Syria, making preparations for the work there. The first pupil from the college was graduated in 1867. Its subsequent history is the history of the transformation of education throughout that portion of the Turkish Empire from a mere memorizing of traditions to a real intellectual and moral development. That there is any popular enlightenment in that empire is due to the educational efforts of such men as Drs. Cyrus Hamlin and George Washburne in Constantinople, and Drs. William M. Thomson and Daniel Bliss in Beirut.

In 1878, at the age of seventy-three, Dr. Thomson returned from the missionary work, devoting the next ten or fifteen years to literary labors, chief of which was his revising and re-editing of *The Land and the Book*. In character he combined in a rare measure accuracy of scholarship, a realistic imagination, and popular sympathies. He was much looked to, both by his associates and by the natives, for his wise counsel in practical affairs, and was equally beloved by those with whom and by those for whom he was working. His breadth of view, clearness of perception, and practical good sense would have fitted him for a high position in public affairs; and in his missionary labors he was at once a pastor, a scholar, and a statesman.

Lyman Abbott.



SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS, LL.D.—[See Page 377.]

IN A COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

The sights and sounds of the wretched street
Oppress'd me, and I said: "We cheat
  Our hearts with hope. Man sunken lies
In vice, and naught that's fair or sweet
  Finds further favor in his eyes.

"Vainly we strive, in sanguine mood,
To elevate a savage brood
  That, from the cradle sordid, dull,
No longer has a wish for good,
  Or craving for the beautiful,"

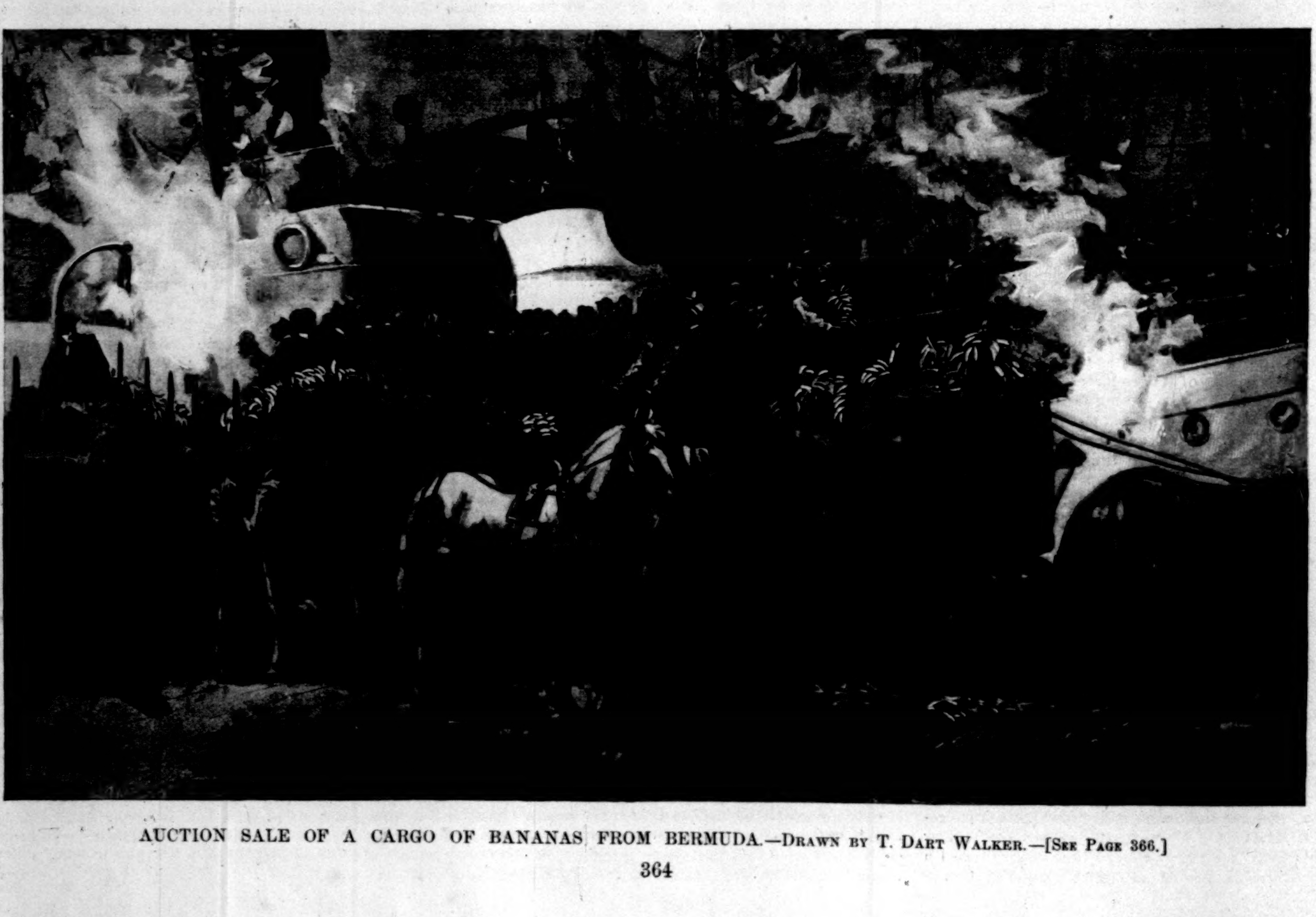
I said; but chiding my despair,
My wiser friend just pointed where,
  By some indifferent passer thrown
Upon a heap of ashes bare,
  The loose leaves of a rose were sown.

And I, 'twixt tenderness and doubt,
Beheld, while pity grew devout,
  A squalid and uneager child,
With careful fingers picking out
  The scentless petals, dust-defiled.

And straight I seemed to see a close,
With hawthorn hedged and brier-rose;
  And bending down, I whispered, "Dear,
Come let us fly, while no one knows,
  To the country—far away from here."

Upon the little world-worn face
There dawned a look of wistful grace,
  Then came the question that for hours
Still followed me from place to place:
  "Real country, where you can catch flowers?"

Florence Earle Coates.



AUCTION SALE OF A CARGO OF BANANAS FROM BERMUDA.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 366.]

GOLDEN-BEAK.

BY GEORGE BASSETT.

I.

LYING back in my long cane-chair, as the steamer swept broadly round the corner of the absurd city of San Francisco and awoke to the slow swing of the sea, I was very glad to have left America behind me. I knew that I was in the wrong; I knew I ought to have staid in the United States long enough to live down that first aversion which almost every Englishman who visits the country finds awaiting his arrival, like a letter from home, and of which he possesses himself with a sturdy British satisfaction. But I was on my way to Japan, where I had been before, and was glad to go again, and the journey from New York to California had been a prolonged discomfort. The dust and the heat had repeated themselves in the faces of my fellow-passengers, and now I had left all the nastiness behind me and promised myself three weeks of summer air and summer calm. I had not been well when I left England, and the fatigue and annoyance of the long railway journey must have put a line or two more in my face. For as the ship slipped past the headlands (which are beautiful, and be hanged to them!) I saw some one standing over me, and a pleasant, childish voice said:

"Won't you let me give you one of these cushions? You look so ill."

I looked up, and saw a fair-skinned, yellow-haired little woman regarding me with as much of friendly interest as if she had known me for years. She spoke with a strong American accent, and I was very tired of that manner of speech. Her speaking to a stranger was in itself audacious, and of the quick audacities of American usage I was more than weary. But she was pretty, and there was clear kindliness in her eyes. I took the cushion, telling her that she was very good, but that I was in fact more tired than ill; and as I put it behind my head I observed that it was strongly perfumed with *eau de Chypre*, an odor I peculiarly dislike. Still, I was glad to have something between my head and the chair back, and I fell asleep with the conviction that women were, after all, good-hearted creatures. When I opened my eyes, an hour later, the deck-steward was running about, laden with particolored rugs, and I told him to send the head-steward to me. When that functionary appeared I made the little speech which I always make to steamer stewards, and which I can confidently commend to travellers who like to be comfortable at sea.

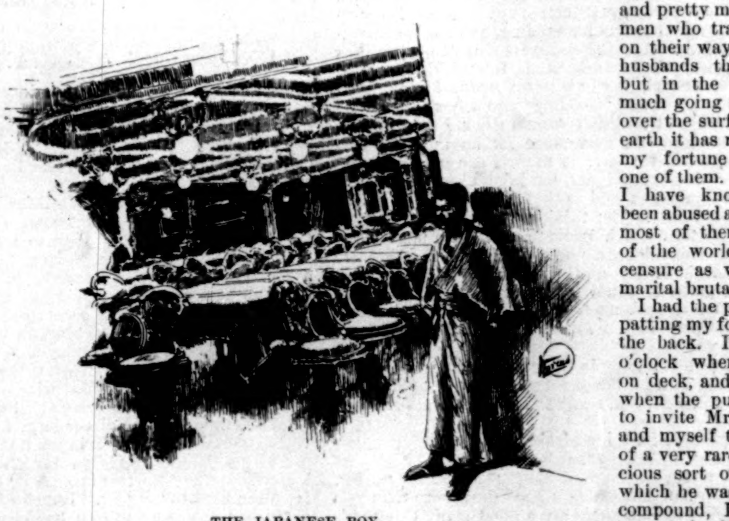
"Here," said I, "are two sovereigns for you. If I find that I am better cared for than the other passengers you shall have two more at Yokohama. And here is my card, which you will give to the purser, telling him that I should be glad to have a seat at his table."

"Yes, sir—thank you, sir," said the steward; "and is there any one on board you would like to sit by at table?"

"No," said I; "I don't know anybody here—but you might give me a seat next to that lady with the blue rug," and I indicated the owner of the cushion.

"Mrs. Potwin, sir," said the steward. "I will speak to the purser, sir." And then I went to sleep again, wondering where any one had unearthed so hideous a name as Potwin.

When my servant came to tell me that it was time to dress for dinner, I asked myself, as I changed my blue jacket for a black one, whether I had done well to demand a seat near the lady of the yellow hair. In all probability she had a husband with her, and while one may forgive a pretty woman the name of Potwin, as one excuses the monstrous appellation of an orchid, a man with such a name must necessarily be atrocious. But when I took my place at the table she sat at the purser's right hand and I at hers, and I saw that Potwin must be among the missing or the dead. The purser, although in some ways not a bad sort of fellow, had the affability of his calling quaintly combined with the uneasy pride of station which seems to distinguish all Americans who are not day-laborers. His name, he told me, was Chamberlain, and he gave me to understand that the family of Chamberlain occupied about the same position in the United States as the house of Howard in England. There is, no doubt, a certain inconvenience latent in the absence of titular distinctions in America. A man has to be always telling you that he is a duke. This particular cadet of the family of Chamberlain had, he proceeded to tell me (with one of those bursts of confidence in which American aristocrats delight), dissipated his patrimony before he left college, and, too proud to toil for a livelihood under the shadow of his ancestral palace in Fifth Avenue, put his broken fortunes to the hazard of the sea. When he had thus conclusively demonstrated that he was no every-day sort of ship's purser, he presented me to Mrs. Potwin, and I thanked her for her kindness in the matter of the cushion.

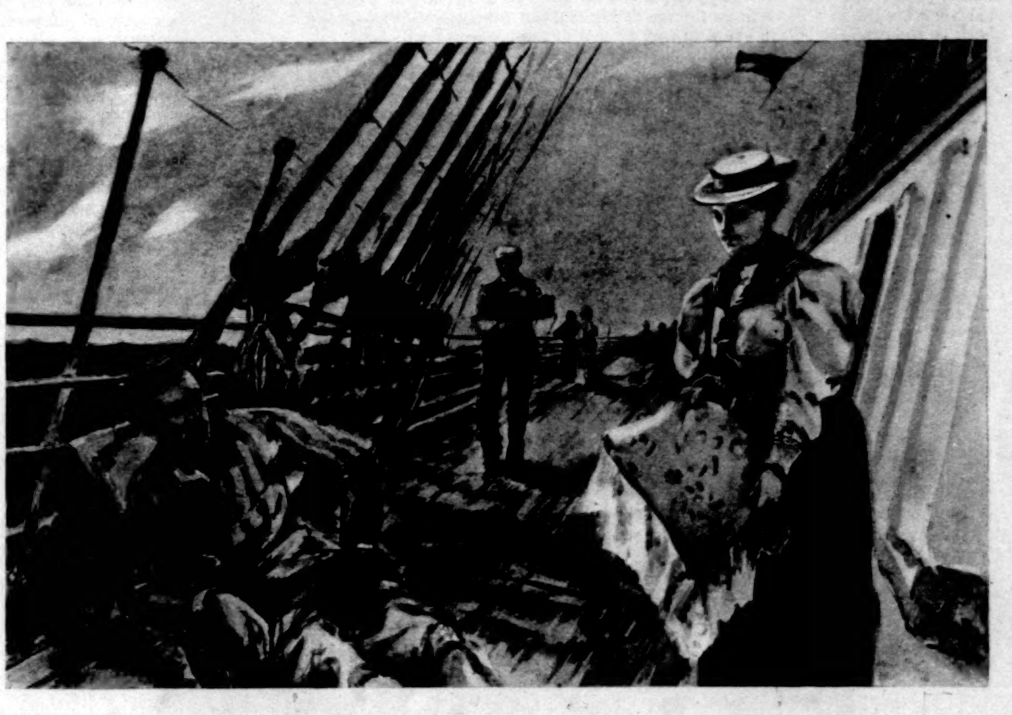


THE JAPANESE BOY.

"Oh, you needn't be so grateful," she said; and when she smiled she was certainly very pretty. "It made me feel lonesome to see that we were actually off, and I was glad to have an excuse to speak to somebody."

And then I sent for some champagne, in compliance with the inscrutable rule that a passenger who is distinguished by the purser's consideration shall always keep that gentleman's glass filled. After dinner Mr. Chamberlain asked me to come into his cabin and smoke my cigar, and when I saw how liberally the steamship company had provided for his comfort, I perceived that the purser of an American boat in the China trade was a personage of no little importance. The room in which he slept was twice as large as that for which I had been made to pay a huge sum of money, and the office in which he received me, and in which he never seemed to have any work to do, was as big as the ship's smoking-room.

I was very sleepy, but I can vaguely remember learning that he had more white shirts and more suits of white linen clothing than the captain himself, that the owners winked at his doing a little quiet trading on his own account, that he was an honored guest in the English clubs of Yokohama and Hong-Kong, and that I had shown great knowledge of the fitness of things in sending my card to him, and asking to be placed at his table. The captain was, I further learned, a most ignorant and unmannerly individual, only to be commended for his good sense in recognizing that he had not nearly so great a "pull" with the steamship company as had the purser. I am not sure whether it was on that occasion or later in the voyage that Mr. Chamberlain explained to me that the owners had become his slaves and things because he knew all about their evasions of the law restricting Chinese immigration; but I know, at any rate, that he talked to me for a long time, and always of himself, and that I was exceedingly glad when it was time for me to go to my own less magnificent cabin and sleep the sleep of the bored.



"WON'T YOU LET ME GIVE YOU ONE OF THESE CUSHIONS?"

When I went on deck next morning I found that the deck-steward had placed my chair beside that of Mrs. Potwin, and if I was somewhat inclined to resent the train of reasoning from which he had inferred that this disposition would meet my views, I was not sorry to be amused by her chatter. I knew, as soon as I had seated myself in my chair, that I should hear her whole history, and I knew, too, that the opening chapter would be a dissertation on the profound rootage of her family tree. I knew also, since she was young and pretty and travelling alone, that the second chapter would concern itself with an unhappy marriage. There are, no doubt, young and pretty married women who travel alone on their way to rejoin husbands they adore, but in the course of much going to and fro over the surface of the earth it has never been my fortune to meet one of them. All those I have known have been abused angels, and most of them victims of the world's unjust censure as well as of marital brutality.

I had the pleasure of patting my foresight on the back. It was ten o'clock when I came on deck, and by noon, when the purser came to invite Mrs. Potwin and myself to partake of a very rare and precious sort of cocktail which he was about to compound, I had the story. As for the genealogy, it proved, as is often the case with American genealogies, to be rather a record of the political and financial achievements of the uncles and cousins of the narrator than a tale of past ages. They were all rich and great, it appeared, the men, and the women all unhappy and frequently consoled. Mrs. Potwin's father had, like many other rich and great men, sought less simple joys than those afforded by his hearth and home, and the mother of Mrs. Potwin had run away with a gentleman who wore gold lace on the sleeve of his coat. The brilliant creature whose effulgence had cast this dark shadow over Mrs. Potwin's childhood was not very clearly described. At one stage of the narrative I conceived him to have been military attaché at one of the embassies in Washington, and at another his portrait seemed rather to be that of an *écuyer* in a travelling circus. But, at any rate, the mother had run away with him, and my young friend had found herself "standing with reluctant feet" bereft of maternal support. It is a general law that young and pretty women who are travelling alone have never known a mother's love, and perhaps it is because they have all lost their mothers early in life that their husbands have been permitted so truculently to ill-use them. At any rate, Potwin had appeared, and she had promptly disliked him, and as promptly married him. It was a long story, but, accent or no accent, she had a soft little voice. At this hour I cannot be sure whether she married Potwin because she had a step-mother, and was unhappy with her, or because she thought she might some time have a step-mother and be unhappy with her. That Potwin was a monster I need not say. We have all been taught in school that if we want to get a clear idea of any character in history we ought to try to imagine him present to our gaze, and to my sight Potwin appeared with a keg of rum in one hand, a cudgel for his shrinking bride in the other, and tender words, addressed to an obese lady, upon his sinful lips. Whether Mrs. Potwin had divorced him because he beat her, or he had divorced her because he was tired of beating her, I was not quite clear; but, at any rate, they two were twain. I ventured to ask her if it was because she liked the sound of Potwin that she had abstained from resuming her maiden name, and she told me it was out of regard for the feelings of her family. Upon this we went to the purser's gilded office, where he poured five different fluids together and stirred them up with a broom.

In the course of a week we had become very friendly, the little Mrs. Potwin and I. Whatever her shortcomings, or long-goings, may have been, she was a young woman of uncommonly quick perception, and it did not take her long to discover that I was by no means inclined to make a fool of myself for the sake of her pretty yellow hair and her soft blue eyes. She told me that she believed Englishmen to be singularly lacking in the imaginative faculty, and I was rather pleased than otherwise that she should excuse my want of enterprise as a racial defect. I liked to hear her talk about herself, but I had no desire to have her set other people talking about me. I was charmed to fill her wine-glass, as well as the purser's, but I did not want to have her discover when we reached Yokohama that there had been a mistake about her letter of credit, and to have her ask me to lend her five hundred pounds. The young ladies who have never known a mother's love, and whose husbands have behaved like brutes, have a little habit of being unbusinesslike about their letters of credit. In a word, Mrs. Potwin was a delightful acquaintance, but did not impress me as a person with whom I cared to cultivate an enduring friendship; and as for losing my heart to her, I should as soon have lost it to a fairy in a Christmas pantomime. My generalizations were, as I afterwards discovered, more or less unjust. She was not an adventuress. She had a very comfortable income of her own. She wanted somebody to talk to, and accident threw me in her way. She could not help dropping her eyelashes at me: that was second nature to her, and she was frankly disappointed because I would not fall in love with her. She believed that she was a woman made to disturb the souls of men, and she resented my placidity. Three or four young fellows among our fellow-passengers were quite mad about her, and even the purser himself (who gave me to understand that he had not infrequently found favor in ladies' eyes, he remaining untouched of heart) followed her about like a large and proud sort of dog before we reached Honolulu. The steamer was to lie there all one day, and Mrs. Potwin told me it was her pleasure that I should take her for a drive; so we went together to the Pali. I was flattered by her preference, for I knew that the young fellows had one after another invited her to go, but before the drive was over she explained the compliment away.

"You see," she said, "they are all in love with me, or anyhow most of them, and the rest will be before we get to Yokohama. They all look at me as if I were a plate of ice-cream, and I like that—I like it better than anything else in the world; and they quarrel about me all the time, and that is perfectly lovely. But if I went off and drove with one of them you wouldn't be miserable at all—you wouldn't care a bit. I don't blame you for it: it is because you are an Englishman and you can't help it; but they are not as stupid as you are, and they appreciate me. There'll be awful rows before we get to Yokohama; you'll see. One of them walked to the stern with me last night, and while we stood looking over at the phosphorus he was holding my hand so I wouldn't fall overboard, and you know it was as calm as calm. I suppose you are horrified at that."

"No," said I, "I don't know that I am horrified, but I don't think it is a very pretty thing to do. It is quite possible that when you have let the young man hold your hand he goes back to the smoking-room and tells the other youngsters about it. It would certainly be wrong if he did, but young ladies who flirt with casual young men do expose themselves to that sort of thing."

Then I saw Mrs. Potwin in a new phase: Mrs. Potwin in a temper. She jumped out of the carriage (fortunately we were toiling up a hill), and vowed she would go back to Honolulu on foot; that she would never speak to me again; that no one had ever spoken so rudely to her before; that I was not a gentleman; that no Englishman ever was a gentleman, and much more to the same effect. And of course I had to beg her pardon seven times before I was forgiven. If I had lost my heart to the whimsical little woman I might have thought all this very charming, but as I had not, it seemed very absurd and indecorous for me to be coaxing her back to the carriage within eyesight and earshot of the English-speaking Kanaka driver, while she was stamping her little shoe-heels into the mud and calling the whole island to witness that I was no gentleman.

I was sorry too, when the time came, that we had arranged to dine together at the hotel that evening, for after a brief visit to the ship she came ashore again, dressed as if to go to a ball, and was delighted to find that every man in the dining-room stared at her all through dinner. And then and there I determined that when we reached Yokohama, where there were civilized English people who knew me and whom I did not want to have talk about me, I would not gild my person with the splendor of Mrs. Potwin's rays. This was, no doubt, a wise resolution to make, but when I made it I did not know that Mrs. Potwin's given name was Ysonde, nor did I know that, instead of being only a flippant, flirting little person, Mrs. Potwin was a lady whose purpose in life was to occupy a throne.

II.

It was not until we had crossed the meridian of one hundred and eighty degrees that I began to be seriously interested in the career of Ysonde Potwin. On the evening of the day when we had first begun to count ourselves east of Greenwich instead of west of Greenwich, I was listening to the purser's stories with a patience born of long practice when I amazed myself with the discovery that he had something new to say.

"Have you noticed," he asked me, "that there is anything strange about our friend Mrs. Potwin?"

"I can't say that I have," I replied. "She is an American, you see, and I have not known a great many American women; and I don't think we have women of precisely her sort in England. With us they are either a little more careful or a little less careful."

"I don't mean that," said Mr. Chamberlain. "She is a dreadful little flirt, and of course she is divorced, and there are all sorts of stories about her. But haven't you seen anything remarkable in the way the Japanese take care of her?"

"No, nothing very special," said I. "They are very quick and attentive, as Japanese stewards always are, and I fancy that servants, like other people, are always ready to wait on a pretty woman."

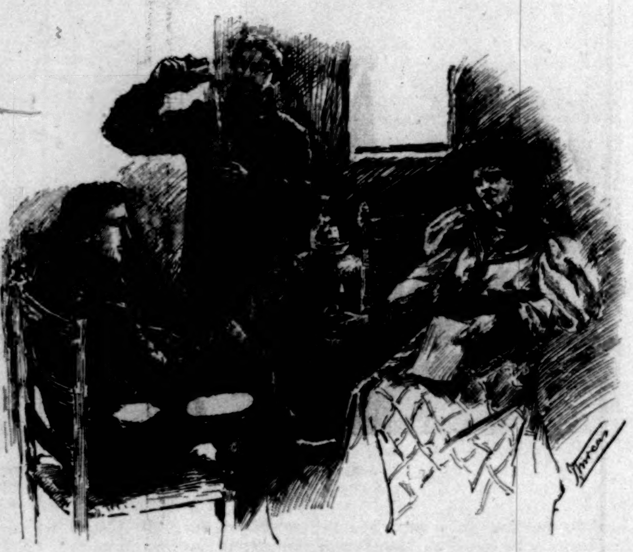
"There's more than that," said the purser. "I have to keep my eyes peeled on board this ship, I can tell you, and there isn't much going on that I don't know. You see, I really have most of the responsibility. The engineer tells the stokers to keep the boilers hot, and that's all he has to do. The captain tells the quartermasters to steer the course the chart shows, and that's all *he* has to do. And between them they keep the boat moving until the time comes to drop anchor. But whether she is moving or not, my work goes on all the same. Here are all of you passengers, cooped up on board like animals in a menagerie, and I have to see that you are fed and kept in order. You see, I have two difficult classes to deal with—the drunkards and the missionaries. When we touch at Honolulu there is always a lot of men going down there to have a spree. It is a regular Fiddlers' Green for the men who keep respectable eleven months out of the year, and then make even with an awful racket. They come from as far east as Chicago, just to go down to Honolulu and let off steam a long way from home. Then there are all the wild young fellows whose families send them off to Japan and China because they have been getting into trouble at home. And when there is too much whiskey and soda in the smoking-room, or when the poker game gets stiff enough to make mischief, I have to remonstrate. Sometimes it's ticklish business. The pursers on the boats from New York to Liverpool are nothing but baggage-masters. Any fool could do their work. But on these long runs a man has a great deal to think about, I can tell you."

I expressed my profound respect for the moral sway exercised by Mr. Chamberlain, who continued:

"And then there are the missionaries going to China or coming home again. They are always quarrelling among themselves, and their wives always pick on some woman aboard the ship and say she ought to be put down in the steerage because she wears better clothes than they do. And the worst are the missionaries' wives on the way home from China. They have got in the habit of being waited on by a lot of cheap servants out there, where the converts wash dishes for the sake of being under Christian influences. And when they get on board they have to look after themselves and their babies, and they won't turn out of their cabins in the mornings, and altogether they lead the chief steward a dreadful life. So you see I have to keep a kind of general supervision over everybody's morals and manners. And there is something very queer about Mrs. Potwin. I don't mean that she doesn't behave herself—she's a lady as far as I know, and I make it a rule to take people as I find 'em—but the steward's Japanese boys are all afraid of her. He knows Japanese ways and Japanese tricks as well as most foreigners, but he says he can't make it out. You know there is always one steward they call the captain's boy, who stands behind his chair at table and looks after his cabin, and it is always an understood thing, in the pantry aboard a ship, that the server takes care what he gives that boy to take to the skipper. The first thing that the chief steward saw was that the captain's boy was changing plates, after he left the pantry, with the boy that waits on our end of my table, and that Mrs. Potwin was getting the bits put by for the captain. I never heard of such a thing in my life. I have seen young fellows with lots of money—what we call 'high-rollers' in California—chuck the boys five-dollar gold pieces as if they were quarters, but no one ever saw anybody else get the captain's portion of a turkey before. What do you make of that?"

"If you say it is unusual I have no doubt it is," said I, "but it isn't a very grave matter after all. I hardly think the captain is likely to starve to death."

"Oh, that is only the beginning of it," said the purser. "You know there is always a boy on night-watch, walking through the gangways to see there isn't any sneak-thieving going on; but, if you can believe it, from the night we left San Francisco the boys seem to have arranged among themselves to stand an extra watch in the little passageway where Mrs. Potwin's cabin is, as if they were afraid something might happen to her. We have to do that sort of thing some times, when a passenger has a touch of jim-jams, but as for its being done without any orders, in a sly kind of a way, it's unheard-of. I tell you I believe that the whole steward's crew are so devoted to that woman that if he gave them one order and she gave them another they would do what she said. And it isn't only in the saloon either. I saw her down on the steerage-deck the other morning giving cakes to the children, and all the Japanese down there seemed to be afraid of her. She has never been to Japan in her life, and I don't know what there is about her, but they all seem to think that she is some sort of a high cockalorum. I can't make head or tail of it."



"A VERY RARE AND PRECIOUS SORT OF COCKTAIL."

"Why don't you ask her?" said I. "She must have noticed it."

"Of course she's noticed it," said the purser; "and what's more, she takes it as a matter of course; and more than that, she expects it. Now I'll tell you another funny thing. As I was going on deck the other morning she was standing at the head of the companionway; one of the Japanese boys was speaking to her, and just as I came up he must have said something she didn't like, for she flashed out with one of those funny little quick tempers of hers, and said a Japanese word to him. It was a word I'd never heard before, but I know it was Japanese. I can't remember now what the word was, but I asked my own boy that night what it meant, of course without saying where I had heard it, and I could not get any satisfaction out of him. He muttered something about not understanding, and has been looking sulky ever since. And the strangest part of the business is that she can't speak Japanese at all, though she seems to want to learn. I taught her how to say *kudasai* and *arigato* and 'How do you do' and 'Good-by' and a few other little things like that, and it didn't seem to come easy to her. I've been kicking myself ever since for having forgotten that word she said to the boy. I know I can talk Japanese as well as the ordinary foreigner, but I don't know any word that will knock a man as cold as that did."

"Surely," said I, "if you think there is anything mysterious about all this, which seems to me to be a mere series of unimportant coincidences, you might ask her. You are certainly not afraid of her; on the contrary, you and she are great friends, and she couldn't strike you to the earth by aiming her terrible Japanese word at you, for you don't know what it means. I'd ask her that, before anything else, if I were you."

The purser put fresh ice in his glass, and then, looking around the room as if he imagined that Mrs. Potwin might be hidden behind a curtain, ready to hurl the dreadful word, said.

"Between you and me, I'm afraid to."

"Afraid!" said I; "surely that is too absurd."

"Don't you be too cocksure of that," rejoined the purser. "I've been in Japan and China a good deal more than you have, and I tell you that there are a good many things it's dangerous for a foreigner to meddle with."

"But she is a foreigner herself," I objected.

"She is and she isn't," said the purser. "I believe she's never been to Japan before, and I believe she doesn't know a dozen words of Japanese; but the Japanese don't treat her as a foreigner. As far as you and I can see she's only a jolly young grass-widow making a trip around the world; but you take my word for it there is something out of the ordinary going on, and I'll be mighty glad when she's off the ship."

"But what harm can she do?" said I. "You don't mean to be preposterous enough to tell me that she has come on board to raise mutiny, seize the steamer, and set up in business as a female pirate?"

"No, I don't think that," said he, "and I don't know but what I am more afraid of harm coming to her than to anybody else on board. The chief steward and I were talking it over yesterday, and he thinks the reason they all seem to be devoted to her is because they're afraid of her."

"Perhaps they think she has the evil eye," I suggested. "I don't remember hearing that they have a superstition of that sort in Japan, but it may be so. I can't believe you are really afraid to speak to her about it, although I can understand that, as you have an official position on board the ship, you might feel awkward about it. But I don't in the least mind asking her why it is that the Japanese boys take so much more trouble for her than they do for the rest of us. I remember, now you speak of it, that I have noticed it myself, and I see no reason why I should not ask her."

"If you take my tip," said the purser, "in the first place, you won't mix yourself up in the business at all, won't say anything about it to her; and in the second place, if you do speak to her about it, take mighty good care there isn't one of the Japanese within ear-shot when you do. Whether they are stewards or sailors or anything else, there always seems to be some one of them who finds an excuse to have some little job to do around where she is, whether she is in the saloon or on deck. They are the mildest, pleasantest people in the world, the Japs, take them all around, but queer things happen sometimes. Aboard one of the other boats of the line they had a French passenger one trip who had been obliged to leave Nagasaki because he had maltreated a Japanese girl there, and one moonlight night when he was leaning over the stern somebody must have tipped up his heels, for another passenger who had left him standing there a few minutes before found him missing when he came back. There was no reason to believe he had committed suicide either."

"If there is any danger of that sort in store for me I must persuade Mrs. Potwin to teach me the necromantic word, and then if one of the enchanted stewards tries to throw me overboard from your spellbound steamer I can wither him on the spot," said I. "And now I think I will go up and get a breath of air before I turn in."

It was nearly midnight, but I found Mrs. Potwin sitting in her deck-chair, with one of the enamoured youths of the smoking-room elongated at her side, and when I approached she bade him go away and leave me his chair. He obeyed her with shame-faced docility, and as I spread his rug over my knees, I asked her why she was not below in her cabin.

"Because it distresses the missionaries' wives when I stay on deck after eleven o'clock, and I like it up here in the moonlight anyway."

"But what have the missionaries' wives done to you? They are very worthy people in their way, and I don't see why you want to shock them."

"Oh, I do it on principle, just as I wear short sleeves in the morning. Women always make themselves disagreeable to me, and I always make myself disagreeable to women. It has been that way ever since I was a little girl, and I am a perverse child still, you see. I have a big doll down in my steamer-trunk now. I never go anywhere without it. And some evening when I want to tease the missionaries' wives very badly, I'm going to bring it out in the saloon and play with it. You see, I'm only nineteen, and I don't look more than sixteen, so I have a right to do silly things like that if I want to."

"You might occupy your time more profitably," said I. "Why don't you try to learn a little Japanese? You would find the country much more interesting if you understood the language."

"It won't take me long to pick it up once I'm there," she replied. "I can learn a language easily enough if I can hear people talking it, but I hate to study it out of a book."

I thought I had made my opportunity then, and was on the point of asking her about the wonderful Japanese word, when I saw one of the stewards standing outside the chart-room, well within ear-shot of us; and, although I was half ashamed to pay any heed to the purser's caution, I thought I would wait to put my question until we were quite alone. I knew, too, that it would be a long story, if she told me anything at all, and I didn't want to stay on deck until two o'clock in the morning, even for the sake of scandalizing the missionaries' wives. So, after I had let her talk about nothing at all for a little while, I went below, leaving her alone in her chair with the moonlight shining full on her yellow hair, and the Japanese boy standing near, like a little wooden soldier on sentry duty.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

UNLOADING A BANANA STEAMER.

If you should ask any of the dozen importers of bananas in New York to give the secret of the enormous growth in the trade of that product, to a man each would probably reply, as did one to the writer, "If it wasn't for the women and children in this country the banana trade wouldn't be worth a rap."

There are no complete statistics of the extent of New York's banana trade. It is known that from this season of the year until fall from four to six steamers arrive each week, and that they average from 20,000 to 30,000 bunches a steamer. Those that come in on the North River side of town are auctioned off right from the steamer in a most spirited way, as the accompanying illustration in this issue shows. Those that come in on the East River side of town are sold by salesmen who take possession of the steamer and dispose of the fruit to the middle-men. In either case the dock is usually filled with buyers and their trucks, and in a few hours the steamer's hold is empty. A cargo of 32,000 bunches, one of the largest that ever arrived here, was disposed of last week in ten hours.

The auctioneer stands on the steamer's bridge, and the buyers crowd close to him. A sort of endless chain runs from the hold to the pier. Bunch after bunch is laid in the chain—an arrangement that has been in operation for only about three months—and as each bunch is lifted out an expert, who is known as a "selector," and who is as skilful in his trade as a tea-taster is in his, runs his eye over it and pronounces it in quality a "first," "second," "third," or "dock," and then it is quickly loaded, according to grade, in a waiting wagon. An ordinary one-horse truck will hold 100 bunches of "firsts," 150 bunches of "seconds," and 200 bunches of "thirds." The "docks" are the ripened or soft fruit, unsuitable for sale by the commission merchants, and go to the street peddlers, who swarm about with their carts, and are looking for bargains. When a truck is loaded the auctioneer calls out, "How much?" etc., and away the load goes off at the rate of about 3000 bunches an hour. There is no brisker auctioneer business in or about New York. It takes a crowd of stevedores and a score or more of wagons, besides from six to eight "selectors" and the auctioneer, to dispose of a cargo. The prices in these days average about $1 65 a bunch for firsts, $1 12 for seconds, $1 for thirds, and anything that they can get for "docks."

The bananas are taken to the wholesale houses, and those that are intended for city trade are ripened in four or five days, and those that are intended for out-of-town trade are kept green as long as possible. Most of the bananas are of the yellow kind. The women and children like them better, although the dealers will tell you that they prefer the red ones.

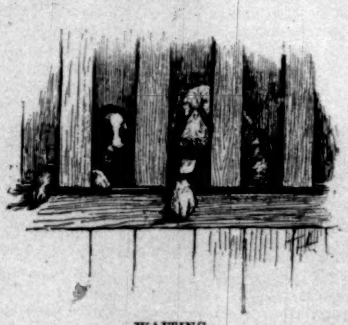
Jamaica is the great banana country. It is the great seedless fruit of the world. It is actually more of a staple than wheat; that is, it feeds more people than wheat. Humboldt discovered that one acre would grow 175,000 pounds of this fruit a year, and that ground which would produce 99 pounds of potatoes and 37 of wheat would produce no less than 4000 pounds of this most delicate and nutritious food fruit.

A banana plantation is therefore almost invariably profitable, and New York dealers, in speaking of the delightful groves, will most seriously assure you that in Jamaica it is possible, whenever a sudden storm comes on, to drive your mule under a banana leaf, and by sitting there escape any trace of a wetting.

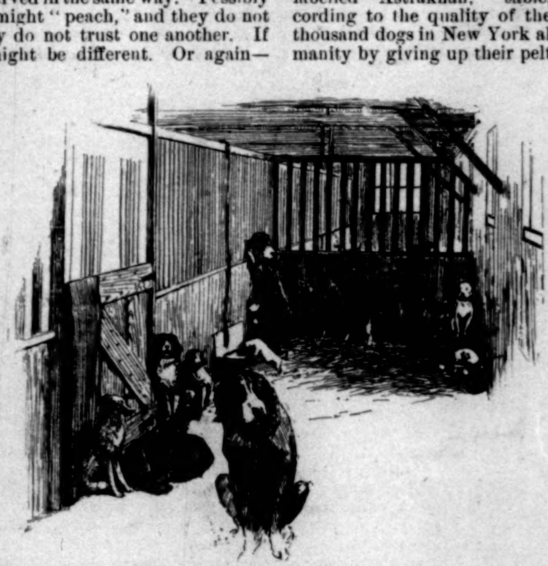
THE DOG-POUND.

THE phrase "Love me, love my dog," expresses by implication a profound psychological truth. It is proverbial that nothing tests one's self-control like an assault upon one's canine companion. Even a verbal assault will strain the temper of the mildest man; and as for physical violence, why, that takes the affair entirely beyond the resources of philosophy. All this being axiomatic, it follows that any one who takes his canine pet for a stroll in New York city without either muzzle or chain takes his temper in his hand, and wanders over a mine of anger that may be sprung at any moment. For sooner or later he will see a burly fellow sweep down upon the pet, perhaps as it runs between his very legs, and bear it struggling away, tossing it ruthlessly into the depths of the dismalest old Black Maria that even New York can boast. The man is an official licensed "dog-catcher," the vehicle a sort of *ante-mortem* hearse that every year carries several thousand dogs on their last journey in the world.

To ask you to keep your temper as you see your pet engulfed in this omnibus is of course quite useless. You could not do it if you would. Still, the opposite procedure will avail you nothing. You cannot stop the robber by force, for he is probably much more than your match to begin with, and even if he were not, there are two or three more of him in the wagon, besides which the law is altogether on his side. You had best not try coercion, therefore. But there is a far stronger power in the community than coercion, as you well know if you have lived long in the metropolis. It is traction. Try that if you like; but—marvel of marvels!—even that will probably be ineffectual. Those catchers get but forty cents for your dog, yet your offer of a dollar each is declined. If anything could come near convincing you that you are dreaming, it is that experience. Your anger turns to wonderment. What can it mean? Well, some dog-catchers' licenses have been revoked recently, and perhaps the present incorruptibles are fearful that they might be served in the same way. Possibly you look to them as if you might "peach," and they do not trust you. Or perhaps they do not trust one another. If one were alone—well, it might be different. Or again—strange that this thought should come last—perhaps the catchers are conscientious. At all events, as the matter stands, you will never see your dog again unless you go after him to the city dog-pound.

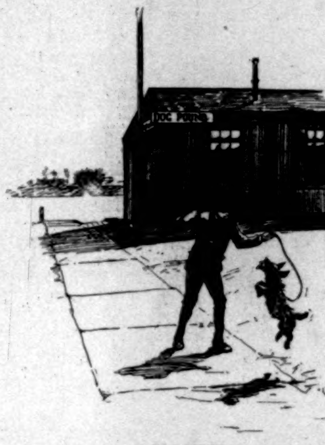

WAITING.

But, after all, you need not feel so badly about it, for it is worth your while to go there anyway, just out of curiosity. Since you own a dog, you are of course a lover of dogs, and any day you may find at the pound a strange assortment of these animals. The approach to the pound is not altogether inviting. You go through a street bordered with fruit markets of not quite the highest grade, where the venders are jabbering in what sounds like Choctaw, but probably is a species of garbled Italian. Coming to the East River, you see a long low building projecting out over the water, supported, Lake-Dweller fashion, on piles. The sign "Dog-Pound" is over the door. Entering, you find in charge a man who does not seem to regard the purloining of your dog at all the serious matter you think it, but who answers you civilly enough, and turns you over to one of the uniformed dog-jailers, who escorts you into the prison proper.


IN DURANCE VILE.

Such a din of bow-wows and howls and yelps and so on throughout the range of the canine vocabulary you never heard before, not even at the Dog Show. Three or four hundred dogs are huddled together in two great cages or pens. Big dogs and little dogs, black and white and yellow and brindle dogs, mastiffs and hounds and setters and pugs and poodles and—more than all the rest—an assortment that are simply dogs, with a question mark added at that in some cases.

Some bound eagerly to greet you; others cower in the remotest corner. A few are bold and confident, a few angry and morose, more are cowed and despondent, but every one looks eagerly towards the door in hope of seeing a friendly familiar face as you enter—a face that would be the most welcome sight in the world to each particular dog—that of his master. Your own dog flies to you and is rescued, and all the others give a howl of disappointment, but many of them come to lick your hand and make friends with one whom they recognize as a lover of their race. Every dog of them is yearning for sympathy. A poor little King Charles cowering over there in the corner, if he is not actually weeping, is surely wishing that that privilege were not denied his kind, for he looks lachrymose enough. "Will my mistress never come?" he seems to say. And water-spaniels and poodles say the same thing in pantomime. Even the unintelligent eyes of the little pugs have a despairing wistful look that goes to your heart.


RESCUED.

A big Newfoundland, on the other hand, is optimistic. He lolls his tongue out as if he were very much at home indeed, and his eyes say, confidently, "He will come; I know it; he will never desert me in this extremity." A giant mastiff, reminding one of Rab, is also hopeful, though his grave face tells that he realizes the uncertainties of his position. But an English bull is utterly despondent. He sits up on his hind legs and howls the most doleful of howls. But even this expression is beyond the courage of yonder greyhound. Hope deferred has made his heart sad indeed, and he leans up against the bars with an air of dejection matching that of the woe-begone little spaniel. As for the interrogation-point dogs, they as a class are more cheerful than the rest. They are more accustomed to hard knocks, and have learned to take the world as it comes. Doubtless many of them have been in chancery before; not such chancery as this, however, though fortunately they do not realize their peril. They think that something or somebody will turn up in their favor presently.

But, alas! most of them will be doomed to disappointment. Of them all—blue-bloods and mongrels alike—ninety-five per cent. will never see the longed-for face again. A few will be rescued, as your dog has been, within the forty-eight hours of grace allowed them by law, and then all the rest will be placed—really it seems too dreadful to relate, but there before your very eyes is the great ominous-looking air-tight box that takes the place of gallows or electric chair or guillotine, into which, in lots of forty or fifty together, the unrescued ones will go, to be put out of the world quickly, painlessly, humanely, by asphyxiation with gas. And then? Well, it isn't very pleasant to think about, but their bodies and bones will be made into commercial products, and their pelts into ladies' muffs and capes and boas, labelled "Astrakhan," "sable," "bear," "marten," etc., according to the quality of the hair. Each year about ten thousand dogs in New York alone add to the comfort of humanity by giving up their pelts for such usage.

For each dog whose owner cares to rescue him from this fate a fine of $3 is charged. After a dog has been forty-eight hours in the pound any one may bail him out and claim him for his own. If one is not particular about knowing the pedigree of his pet, the dog-pound is a very good place to secure a dog of almost any breed. If you do not find what you want there on your first visit, leave your order—and a small reminder—with one of the keepers, and some day before long he will bring you just the thing you desire. It seems a pity more dogs are not thus rescued, so many really fine ones are left to their fate in the pound. Still, it must be admitted that there is no dearth of dogs left in the city.

Of the relatively few people who do come to the pound to claim their pets, the greater number are women—women as different in disposition and appearance as the dogs that they seek. Some are bubbling over with indignation at the outrage perpetrated against them—which really is no outrage at all, of course, but merely the carrying out of a very useful and reasonable law; others are lachrymose and effusive; but all are as glad to get back their pets as the pets are to be gotten back. Some queer people as well as queer dogs the keepers of the dog-pound see in a year, depend upon it; but who, for that matter, does not, except he be a hermit?

AN OFFICER'S UNIFORMS IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

THE multiplicity of the duties of a commanding officer of a naval vessel is simply confusing to the average civilian. One would think that it was sufficiently onerous to be called upon in all sorts of emergencies to interpret international law, and to feel that to a large extent the captain of a warship, especially when on a mission without an admiral, has the matter of peace and war, with all their consequences, in his keeping, without being responsible for trivial details on board ship. The responsibility for the work of subordinates, all of whom may be most superior men, but whose mistakes, if they make them, almost invariably rest heaviest on the commanding officer's shoulders, is so grave a matter that many an ordinary man would lose sleep in his worry for every day that his ship was at sea. And yet it is a fact that details by the score are thrust upon the captain. One of the commonest of these, apparently trivial, but really most important, for it has to do with that most subtle force in naval and military affairs known as discipline, is to prescribe from day to day exactly what uniform shall be worn by every officer, down to the man of least importance, on board ship.

Not until the captain has been issuing uniform orders for at least a month does one realize the extent of the wardrobe that every naval officer is required to use. He must practically have no less than a dozen suits of clothes, any one of which he may be called upon to wear at a moment's notice. He usually has two or three outfits of service dress, the uniform that is worn oftenest in cool or cold weather in his work, and from three to four outfits of white service dress, with the exception of the helmet, the uniform worn invariably in ordinary work in summer. Then there are no less than three different kinds of full-dress suits, besides "dress," "undress," "naval brigade," "rain dress," and "winter dress" uniforms.

It is a common saying that the economy of space in a war-vessel is so conserved that there is absolutely no spare room left even for small packages. This seems to be true, especially in an officer's state-room. He practically sleeps on his bureau. In other words, his chest of drawers is under his bunk; and when one thinks of the variety of clothing he is required to provide himself with, from hats, caps, gloves, and cravats down to shoes and leggings, and the care he must give to them, one wonders how he manages to keep his little apartment in good order. This matter of uniform is as important and as rigid an affair as drill in firing guns or experience in handling explosives. Uniform has everything to do with formality on shipboard, and formality is the basis of discipline and effective force. A naval board has passed upon the make and fit of each uniform, and the occasions when each is to be worn. Even the place of every button, the lining, the materials of each dress, and their grade are set down in a book, and the directions are followed absolutely.

There would seem to be an unnecessary variety in full dress. Still, each variety is called into use frequently. For example, the "special full dress" is used on all occasions of special ceremony of high degree, and at that important function known as general muster on the first Sunday of every month. "Full dress" is worn on occasions of ordinary high ceremony, such as making the first visit in port to officers of flag rank, and on social occasions to which officers are invited in their official capacity, and at which full dress would be expected. "Social full dress" is worn at evening events of a strictly social nature, such as a ball or a dinner party. The "dress" uniform, with its frock-coat and ordinary trousers, is worn on occasions of every-day ceremony, such as boarding ships of war, or making a first visit to commanding officers, or on parades of ordinary ceremony with enlisted men under arms, and always on Sunday inspection, with the exception of the first Sunday in the month. "Undress" uniform is worn when reporting for duty, and when serving on courts and boards. It is also worn when calling on officers of other ships in port, except commanding officers. When entering or leaving port, all officers on the upper deck, or in sight, also wear it. The "naval brigade" dress, with its leggings and canteen, is worn in active work on shore, and at the naval review last year in New York was seen by thousands who witnessed the great land parade. Of course the "rain dress" and "winter dress" suggest the occasion for their own use.

Many of these uniforms may be combined, but inasmuch as they must be always in first-class order, combining one or more is inadvisable, and is rarely done. In view of the small pay given to naval officers, and the many social requirements they must observe, with no allowance from the government for these social functions, one must marvel at the love of a naval officer for his work. It requires more than half a year's pay, often, to clothe himself properly. No other government work makes such demands upon its officers. In view of this, perhaps the secret of a naval officer's constancy may be summed up in the words lofty sense of duty and high patriotism. A. FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

THE LATE DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

IN HARPER'S WEEKLY of the issue February 17th of this year there was published an article on the eminent lawyer David Dudley Field. Just as this current number goes to press, news is received that Mr. Field is dead.

He lived to the ripe age of eighty-nine years, and we can quote again the saying of an eminent chancellor of England, who referred to the grand old lawyer thus: "David Dudley Field has done more for the reform of laws than any other man living."

In the issue of February 17th a remarkable group of great men was referred to—men who have seen others grow from boyhood, attain eminence, and die old men themselves. There is left now of this group only Gladstone, Bismarck, and the aged Pope—Kossuth has gone.

Mr. Field was born in Haddam, Connecticut, on February 13, 1805. He was the eldest of seven sons and two daughters. His father was a poor minister of the gospel, who upon a salary of five hundred dollars a year reared his family and gave three of his sons a college education. Mr. Field's death cuts down the list of prominent men who could remember helping one another to build the future of a great nation; but to quote from the article by Mr. Foster Coates, referred to above:

"When sixteen years of age young Field was ready for college. He entered Williams in 1821, and began the study of law. In 1828 he was admitted to the bar, and removed to New York, where he began the practice of his profession and his active public life.

"To say that Mr. Field's life has been a remarkable one feebly expresses it. As a young lawyer he had to struggle with such giants as Webster, Choate, and O'Conor. In politics he knew and associated with Clay, Calhoun, Van Buren, and Polk, just as a generation later he was the friend and adviser of Lincoln, of Johnson, of Greeley, and of Samuel J. Tilden. In literature, Bryant, Hawthorne, Lowell, Whittier, and Bancroft were his friends.

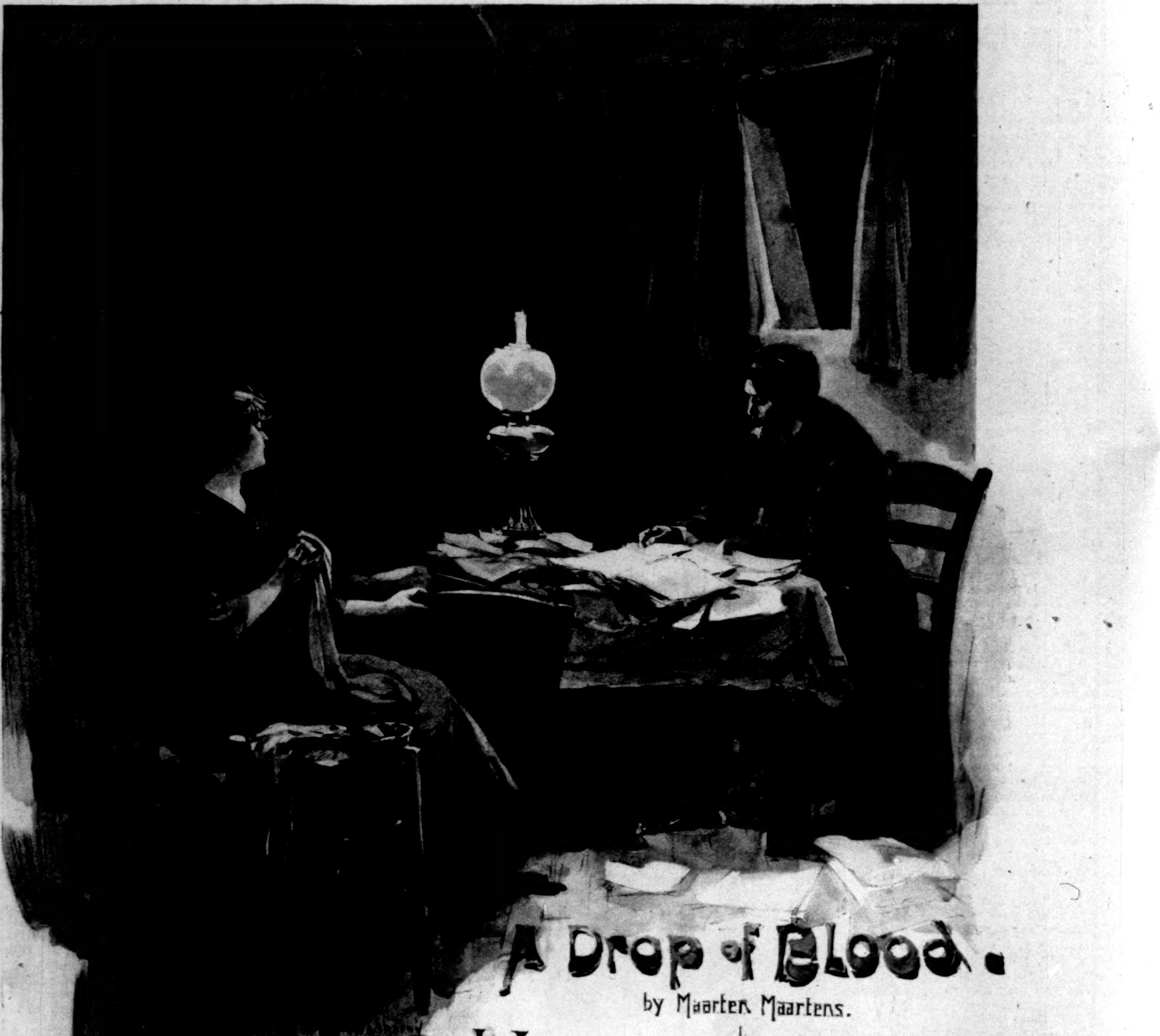
"It is of few families that the same can be written that may be of the Field family. David Dudley Field has been a jurist with no superior at the American bar. Cyrus W. Field was the projector of the Atlantic cable and a great financier. Stephen J Field is a judge on the Supreme Bench, and his nephew, Judge Brewer, sits upon the same bench with him. The remaining brother, Henry M. Field, is a leading clergyman and the editor of the *Evangelist*.

"But it is as a lawyer that David Dudley Field will be remembered. It is given to few men to spend sixty years of active life at the bar, and still fewer, indeed, would there be of that small number who could devote fifty years to the codification of our laws, a task, when completed, which brought him much undeserved obloquy on account of some of the provisions of what is called the penal code. Mr. Field's first essay on codification was written in 1839. He addressed a 'Letter on the Reform of the Judiciary System' to the people, and afterward spoke to a committee of the New York Legislature on the subject. In 1841 he prepared three bills, which were introduced, but the Judiciary Committee, to whom they were referred, failed to take any action on them. In 1846 he wrote a series of articles on 'The Reorganization of the Judiciary,' which were widely distributed in pamphlet form. His influence was felt in the Constitutional Convention of 1846, which determined to call for a general code and the 'Reform of Practice.' Before the Legislature met in January, 1847, he published 'What shall be done with the Practice of the Courts? Shall it be wholly reformed? Questions addressed to Lawyers.' In September, 1847, he was appointed commissioner on practice and pleadings, and as such took part in the preparation of the code of procedure. The commission reported the first instalment to the Legislature in February, and it was enacted in April, 1848. The remainder was reported in four sections at different times until January, 1850, when the completed 'Codes of Civil and Criminal Procedure' were submitted to the Legislature. Both these codes have been enacted into law

"This system has been adopted in twenty-four States and Territories, and is the basis of the legal reform established by the new judicature act in England, and of the practice in several of the English colonies, including India. Eighteen of the States and Territories have adopted his code of criminal procedure. For some years following the enactment of these laws he continued to publish numerous pamphlets, including the 'Law-Reform Tracts,' also frequent articles in the journals, and drafted bills that were introduced into the Legislature for the purpose of effecting the completion of codification. In 1857 Mr. Field was appointed by the State of New York head of a commission to prepare a political code and a civil code. These, with the two codes of procedure previously made, were designed to supersede the unwritten or common law. They were completed in 1865, and covered the entire province of American law, and presented to the people in compact form the whole law by which they were governed. The State of New York has as yet adopted only the penal code, although other States have drawn largely from the civil code in their legislation, and California and Dakota have adopted them in full. In 1866 he brought before the British Association for the Promotion of Social Science, at its meeting in Manchester, England, a proposal for a general revision and reform of the law of nations, similar to that which he had before undertaken of the civil and criminal law. He procured the appointment of a committee, consisting of eminent jurists of different countries, charged with preparing and reporting to the association the outlines of an international code, to be first submitted to their careful revision and amendment, and, when made as complete as possible, to be presented to the attention of the different governments, in the hope of receiving at some time their approval and adoption as the recognized law of nations. The distinguished jurists composing this committee resided in different countries, and hence it was difficult for them to act in concert. In consequence, Mr Field took the whole matter upon himself, and in 1873, after the lapse of seven years, presented to the Social Science Congress his 'Outlines of an International Code,' which attracted the attention of all the jurists, and has been translated into French, Italian, and Chinese. It resulted in the formation of an association for the reform and codification of the law of nations, having for an especial object the substitution of arbitration for war in the settlement of disputes between countries. The membership includes jurists, economists, legislators, and politicians; and of this organization Mr. Field was elected first president.

"Mr. Field's work for Tilden in the Electoral Commission was one of his great achievements. It was his advice that was constantly sought, and while Tilden was the mastermind, he deferred willingly to Field, whom he trusted implicitly and whose abilities he never questioned.

"With the exception of his daughter Jeannie L. Field, now Lady Anthony Musgrave, and his two brothers, he is without immediate relatives."



A Drop of Blood.

by Maarten Maartens.

I.

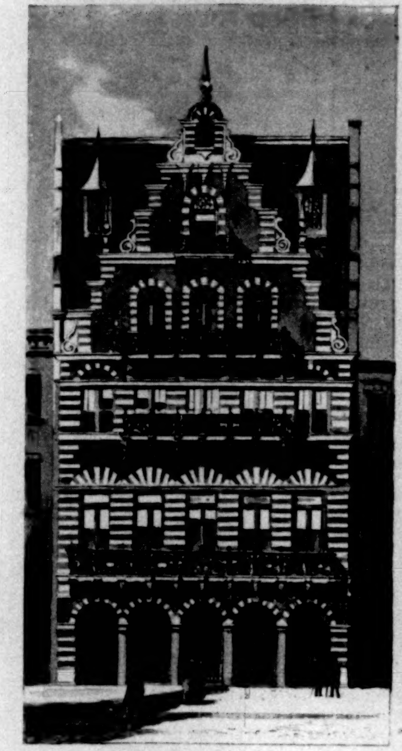
He was very poor. Shade of the man with the ass's ears, how poor he was! Yet everything he touched, with that wonderful touch of his, turned to gold. Only it was not of the kind you buy bread for.

It was of the kind in which the sun pays his tribute to the Almighty. We all pay our tribute: the sun pays in gold and the nightingale in notes. And the potentates of the earth pay in blood—their brothers'; and the poets pay in blood—their own.

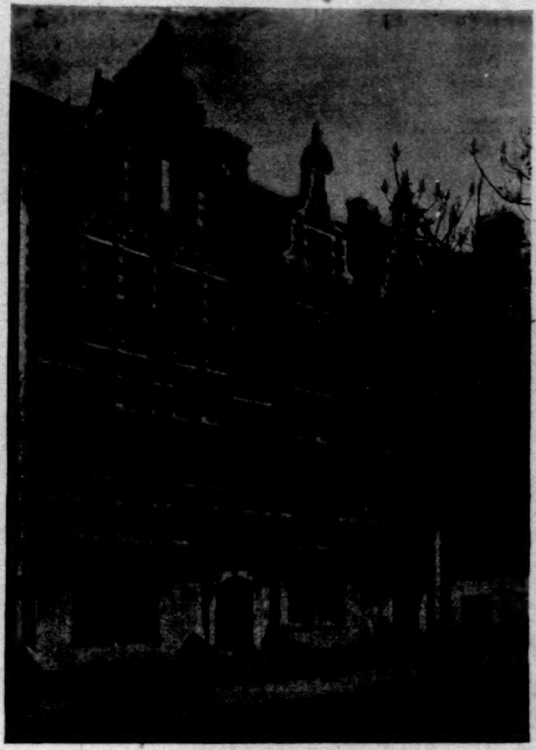
His name was Anastase Amidon. It was a ridiculous name. Some day, perhaps, he will write it among the stars of heaven, and then the young ladies will regret that it isn't prettier. He was twenty two at the time. He had been married three years already, the fool. And he had one little daughter—Lina.

He had married Célestine Michelet because he worshipped the very ground she trod on. So he came to the conclusion that they might as well tread it together. He was too poor himself to notice how poor she was. And Célestine was lovely, though not so lovely as the image of her which lay mirrored in his love-laden soul. The prosperous proprietor of the "Nouveautés," in which she worked, had offered her a nice little establishment and an independence of which his better half need know nothing. Anastase wrote his adored one's answer on the shopkeeper's shoulders with richly variegated blendings of black and blue, and a fortnight later he married her in a borrowed silk and a haze of sunlight. A fathomless sunlight that set their hearts aflame with the ecstasies of hope fulfilled. She was

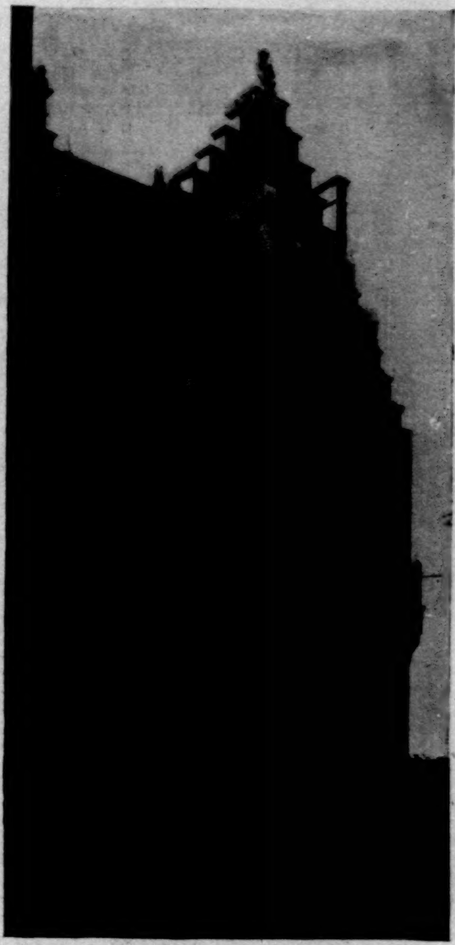
(*Continued on page* 374.)



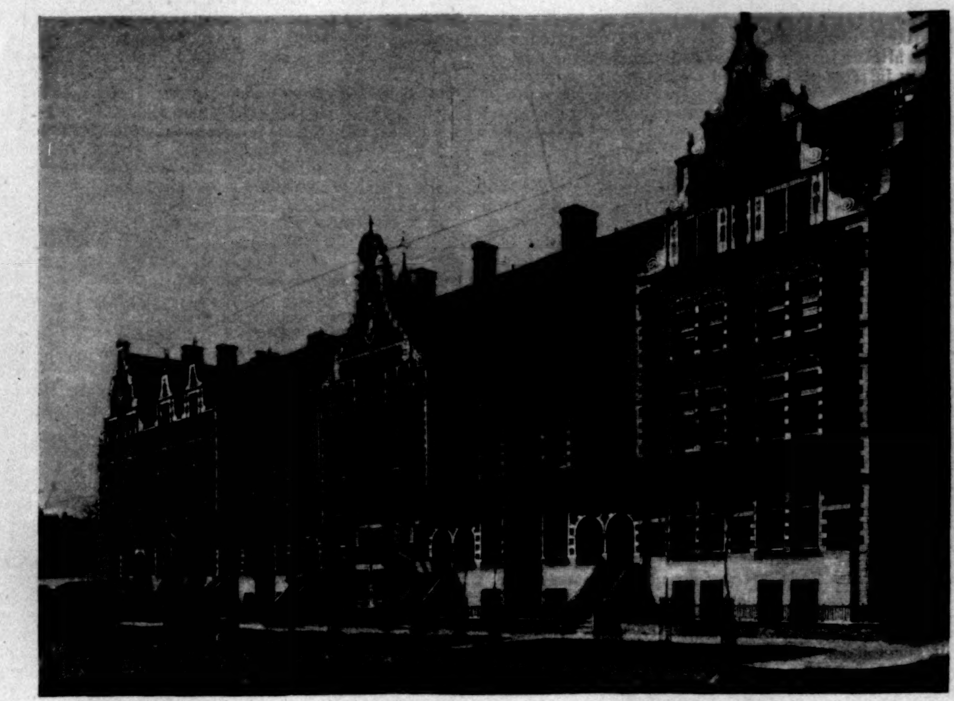
AMERICAN INSTITUTE (PROPOSED DESIGN).
Romeyn & Stever, Architects.



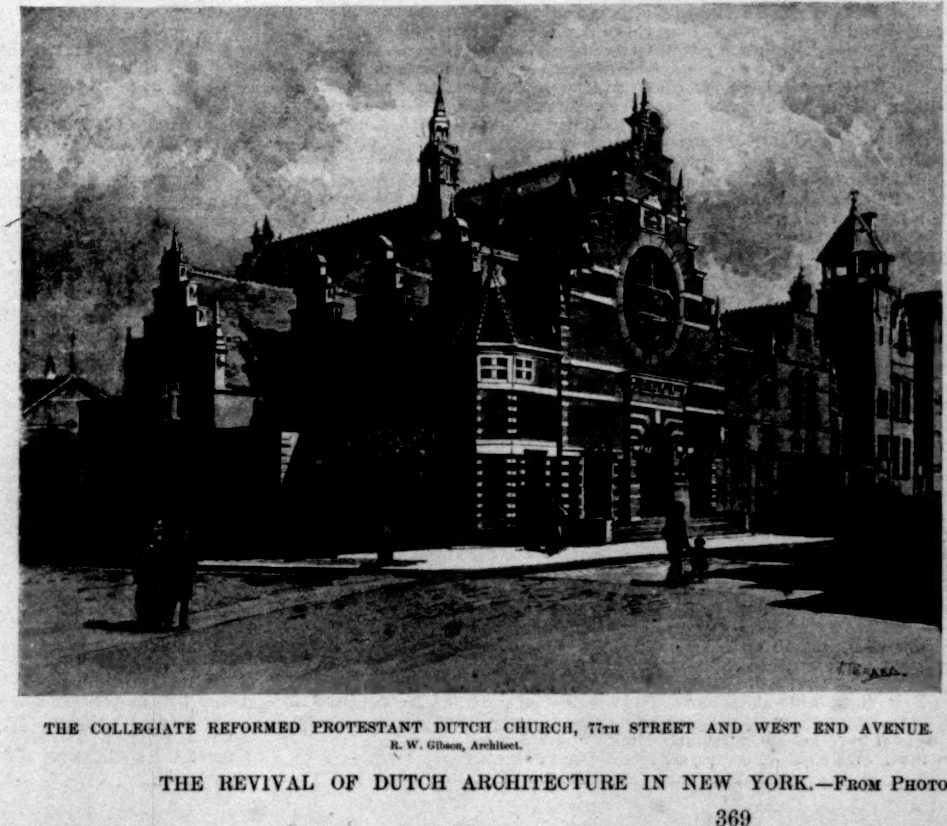
DUTCH HOUSES, WEST EIGHTY-FOURTH STREET.
F. M. Day, Architect.



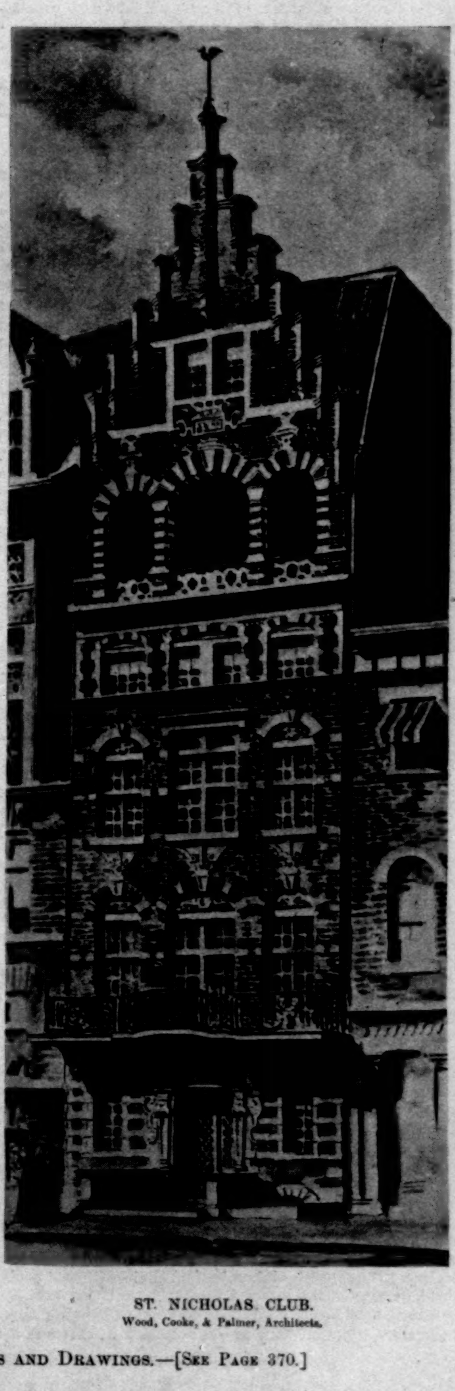
DUTCH HOUSES, WEST EIGHTY-FIFTH STREET.
F. M. Day, Architect.



DUTCH HOUSES ON WEST END AVENUE.
F M. Day, Architect.



THE COLLEGIATE REFORMED PROTESTANT DUTCH CHURCH, 77TH STREET AND WEST END AVENUE.
R. W. Gibson, Architect.



ST. NICHOLAS CLUB.
Wood, Cooke, & Palmer, Architects.

THE REVIVAL OF DUTCH ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS.—[SEE PAGE 370.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE Democratic Senators in the Massachusetts Legislature voted in a body against the recent bill granting municipal suffrage to women. The Boston *Transcript* (Republican) attributes their adverse action to three things—their experience of the influence of women in electing school commissioners; the misgivings of the "liquor interest"; and, above all, to the dread of so radical a change, and the horror of strong-mindedness in women.

If anything can hasten a thing which is coming so fast already as municipal suffrage for women (and especially for women who are tax-payers), it would seem to be the suspicion that the opposition to it was backed by "the liquor interest," and by politicians who covet the spoils of the public schools. All that woman suffrage seems to lack just now is a little lively opposition from shady political characters. The only thing that makes it halt, so far as it does halt, is the doubt of the majority of the men as to whether the average woman wants to vote, and whether it is fair to impose political responsibilities upon her in addition to the special burdens that she carries already. This doubt has little application to the question of municipal suffrage for women who are tax-payers. They do want to vote, not as matter of sentiment, but for sound business reasons, and they know already, as a rule, for what they want to vote, and why. They are thrifty, and they are housekeepers, and the hope of clean streets and low taxes has always allurements enough to take them to the polls.

There is an interesting analogy between the recent newspaper story of the sudden blindness and equally sudden recovery of a Brooklyn reporter and that of the similar experience of St. Paul. The Brooklyn reporter, Mr. Caulfield, lost his sight suddenly on a street corner. He thought he had been blinded by the sudden flash of a trolley-car wire. At the Eye and Ear Infirmary they could find no defect in his eyes whatever, yet he could not see. But one of the infirmary physicians had his views about the case, and determined to try an experiment. He flashed an intense light into the young man's eyeball, and assured him that he must be able to see it. At first he could not see it, but presently, making an intense effort, he did, and almost immediately regained control of his sight. To the faculty there will perhaps be no mystery about the cure, but laymen will be interested to know that the doctor said that what ailed Mr. Caulfield was hysterical blindness. "Through some sudden derangement of a nerve centre the involuntary muscles had lost control of the optic nerve, and all that was necessary to effect a cure was to restore the patient's will-power." It is not insisted that the diagnosis of Mr. Caulfield's case precisely covers the experience of St. Paul, but the similarity between the two is striking.

It is harder to get into Boston than it used to be when a popular poet wrote,

> "Trot, trot to Boston, to buy a loaf of bread;
> Trot, trot back again, the old horse is dead."

The old horse dies now as formerly, but apparently he doesn't get home. He gets run into by the electric cars on the way in. Boston is making a titanic struggle to remedy this unhappy state of things, and arguments for and against a subway, and every other possible device for expeditious transit, from elevated railroads to air-ships, are served regularly to the newspaper-reading Bostonian with each of his meals. Only one point seems to be settled as yet, and that is that suburban dwellers who cannot be brought to town in proper season without riding over Boston Common must stay at home or go West. The Common is not to be sacrificed to modern convenience.

A very delicious little tale of summer amenities is outlined in a brief paragraph in an Eastern newspaper, which records that the case of Mrs. Butterfield against Arthur C. Smith "was nol pros'd yesterday in the Superior Court in Cambridge." "It may be remembered," reads the paragraph, "that Mr. Smith went into Mrs. Butterfield's flower garden after a tennis ball, and that she played the garden hose on him, and then sued him for damage to her flower bed. Mr. Smith was fined $50 by Judge Story, from which he appealed."

Tennis is a gentle game, but it seems that there is an affluence of lively sport to be derived from it if one goes at it in the right spirit and in the right place.

The *Outlook* quotes Mr. Howells as saying that such phrases as "Seeing you in the window I stopped to call" are not English. He maintains that what one should say is, "I saw you and stopped," and that the other form is one of the most common errors.

Do you suppose he is really right about that? To most ears "Seeing you, I stopped" sounds correct enough, and oftentimes the phrase is convenient. If it is to be prohibited to form such sentences as "Speaking to an emissary of the *Outlook*, Mr. Howells says," or "Feeling as I did toward him I threw an egg," it will be more difficult than hitherto to express one's self in marketable language, and writers who can do it will be entitled to a slight increase in their remuneration.

Perhaps the most familiar use of this condemned form is in the colloquialism, "Seeing it's so, let's take a drink," a sentence the sentiment of which has often been deplored, and of which it now appears not even the form is above criticism.

A Presbyterian church in Rochester has paid rather a curious tribute to science in discarding its time-honored method of distributing the sacraments, and substituting for the cups, which passed from lip to lip among the communicants, individual wineglasses, whereof each communicant drinks from his own. The reason of the change lies in the awful tales of the bacteriologists as to the adaptability of the old method for the transmission of disease. Rumor that travels from mouth to mouth often gathers deplorable accretions, and they say it is the same way with the communion cup. The dregs from a goblet used in this church (the Central Presbyterian) in Rochester were examined under a microscope and found to contain "fifteen epithelial scales." What epithelial scales are is best known to the learned faculty. A Utica contemporary insists that every well person keeps throwing them off all the time, and that they are as common as dirt and apparently not very dangerous. But at any rate they seem to possess little or no spiritual value, for when the authorities of the Central Church saw Dr. Forbes's pictures of them, they decided to get the individual glasses at once.

The Central Church is a very large and strong church, and its action will be influential. Another and still larger Presbyterian church of the same city seems on the point of following its example. Perhaps they are right to be so cautious; but though it is doubtless possible to catch the most lamentable ailments by drinking from a cup another person has used, as a matter of fact it seems to be an extremely rare thing for actual damage to be done that way. Church air has probably slain its thousands where church wine has injured tens. Great is precaution; but with death visible on every side, as it seems to be now through a microscope, life is not worth living unless we are content to take the ordinary risks. The loving-cup may disappear from the churches (though I do not think it will), but fox-hunters and yachtsmen will smile at bacteriology, and continue to send it around.

Good Government Club "D," which was mainly instrumental in sending James R. Sheffield to the State Legislature, has reason to be well pleased with its achievement. Mr. Sheffield is realizing the expectations of his friends, and verifying the forecast of such of them, the WEEKLY among others, as rejoiced in his election. The bill which he has introduced into the Assembly, giving the next Mayor of New York power to remove heads of departments and to appoint their successors, making all their terms expire with that of the Mayor, is endorsed and commended by all reformers who hope to win good government for Gotham. If this bill becomes a law, whenever the people of New York succeed in electing a Mayor to their satisfaction, he will be able to control the administration of municipal affairs unhampered by the opposition of the hold-over appointees of his predecessor. It would be thought sufficiently absurd to compel a newly elected President to inherit his predecessor's cabinet, but the same principle has not been considered inapplicable in New York in the case of a Mayor. The more men like Mr. Sheffield that New York can contrive to send to Albany, the brighter her prospect will be of getting the sort of local self-government that she needs.

Not all intelligent readers, but almost all, apparently continue to be delighted with *Trilby*. To be delighted with any book always inspires one with interest in the author, but *Trilby* inspires this natural sentiment in an unusually violent degree. We all knew Mr. Du Maurier more or less intimately before, because we have been brought up on his drawings, but the drawings never told us that he was the sort of man who could write *Trilby*. *Peter Ibbetson* told much about him that we didn't know before, but vaguely, as through a glass, but in *Trilby* he seems to come and sit down by us and explain himself. In a recent London lecture, some record of which has appeared in the *Tribune*, he told more of his personal history than I have seen anywhere set forth before. He was born in Paris (in the region of Peter Ibbetson's *Parva sed apta*, of course), but was fetched away from there apparently while still young, and in due time was put to work in the laboratory of University College in London to learn to be a chemist. But he gave promise of being so bad a chemist, and showed such an incorrigible propensity to draw pictures, that he was sent back to Paris again to study art, which he did in the same academy with Poynter and Whistler. Later he went to Antwerp, where he had Alma-Tadema for a fellow-student. There is such a seeming trail of autobiography over *Trilby* that one wonders whether it will be in Antwerp that the long and lovely heroine, who was lost in the last instalment of the story, will turn up. The story incites the reader to all sorts of inquisitive impertinences of that sort—as, for example, to speculate as to the identity of Little Billee, in whose portrait Mr. Henry James, as appears in the last number of this journal, finds suggestions of the lineaments of a certain Frederick Walker, better known, no doubt, to the world of London art than to the average lay reader of the WEEKLY.

It is generally known that Mr. Du Maurier's eyesight is defective, but it may be news to some of his admirers that the sight of one of his eyes is gone altogether, and that of the other is so weak that he cannot bear ordinary daylight without tinted glasses. This incapacity, he says, has helped to make him, in *Punch*, the satirist of the drawing-room, since it has hindered him from following his preference and taking his incidents from the lower walks of London life.

What a lucky chance it is, by-the-way, that Mr. Du Maurier should have happened to spring upon the world his tale of love and truth and error and beauty and good-fellowship at a time when so many of his literary countrymen, and most particularly his countrywomen, seem to be cutting up and passing around the fruit of the tree of life, less with the design to let us taste its flavor, than to leave us flabbergasted at their skilful dissection of the worm at its core! There is usually a worm in that fruit, but its cheek is sunny for all that, and four-fifths of the apple is sound and pleasant, and good for human consumption. The apple is the main thing, and the worm an intrusive incident, and not *vice versa*, as so many contemporary anatomical story-writers seem to want us to believe.

E. S. MARTIN.

NEW NEW AMSTERDAM.

SINCE the brownstone front ceased to be the procrustean dwelling of the well-to-do New-Yorker, our architects have ransacked remote times and lands in quest of suggestions and models for our domestic architecture. In New York it happened that the brownstone front began to fall into an innocuous desuetude, and the period of architectural experimentation began, just when the "west side" had been made available for residential purposes by the operation of the elevated road. On this virgin soil the experiments began, and here they have continued, so that the west side furnishes an epitome of all that has since been done in the designing of dwellings. The various movements have all flowed over it and left their traces—the Richardsonian Romanesque, the Renaissance of the French châteaux, the Colonial, and the aberrations of the speculative builder that defy classification. The more singular it has been, considering this pursuit of novelties and oddities for a decade, that the one style that has a particular historical claim upon New York, being at the same time a style eminently suitable to domestic uses, both practically and in its expression, should have been left untouched until within a very short time. We mean, of course, the Dutch Renaissance of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, of the time when the Dutch colonization of Manhattan Island took place, and New Amsterdam was made to reproduce, as nearly as the poverty of the settlers and the unskilfulness of their mechanics could reproduce it, the aspect of the ancestral Amsterdam. After the English tenure had been secured, it is doubtful whether for two hundred years a new specimen of Dutch architecture was added to the collection already in existence. One noteworthy exception there was in a house that became the object of many a pilgrimage—the "Sunnyside" that Washington Irving built for himself upon the Hudson—a charming cottage that is quite recognizably Dutch, but not so authentically Dutch as it would have been if the skill of the architect had fully carried out the intention of the owner.

The most elaborate specimen of Dutch architecture among the recent erections upon the west side is doubtless the Collegiate Church at Seventy-seventh Street and West End Avenue, in which the ancient establishment to which the building belongs reverted to the style in which its first edifice was erected, more than two centuries before. It may be doubted whether the settlers who reared the first would have built anything like the last, even if they had had the skill and the money to do so; whether, indeed, they would not have been rather shocked by it as a specimen of ecclesiastical architecture. The Dutch churches of the seventeenth century were apt to be clumsy and even grotesque, but they were evidently composed "in a sad sincerity." The architect of the new Collegiate Church has derived his suggestions from a secular building, the old meat-market in Haarlem, of which he has repeated nearly or quite every detail. It is a very attractive building by force of picturesqueness and quaintness, but the rollicking gayety of its expression is especially incompatible with churchliness. If we waive that consideration, the new building has many admirable points. The composition, which is perforce that of the later architect, since the scheme of the church is more elaborate and extensive than that of the market, is very successful; the detail for which he had no precedent is harmonious with that which he has borrowed, and the color treatment is effective, and will be even more attractive when it has been mellowed by time. As an architectural fantasia, and considering its architecture apart from its uses, the church and the group of buildings of which it is the chief member leave little to be desired, and, indeed, constitute one of the most entertaining pieces of architecture in New York.

The block of houses on West End Avenue between Eighty-fourth and Eighty-fifth streets, and the continuations of it on the enclosing streets, can be quite as freely praised; indeed, more freely, since there is here no allowance to be made for the intractability to its purpose of a style historically appropriate. The Dutch Renaissance is as essentially domestic in architecture as in painting, and we are only too glad to encounter a Dutch picture in a parlor, though we might resent it as an altar-piece. These houses are picturesque and gay, and in dwellings picturesqueness and gayety are in place, though the projectors of the lugubrious rows of brownstone fronts in the older New York did not seem to think so; but then they did not seem to think anything. The material of these houses promotes their gayety of aspect, being a superstructure of buff brick and white terra-cotta over a basement of light stone. But it is mainly imparted by the design, which is equally admirable in the general composition and in the detail. There is nothing, as one infers from looking about the new quarters, that is more difficult than to give individuality to each one of a row of dwellings without compromising the unity of the whole. This feat of design has been so completely accomplished in this instance that it is not even forced upon one's notice that it is a feat. Another point in which the designers of blocks of dwellings are very apt to fail is in meeting artistically the practical requirement of the speculative builder that some of the houses shall be "high-stoop" and some "American basement," whereby the purchaser may be able to take his choice. That is another difficulty that has here been completely vanquished by devices that will be perceptible to whoever looks for them in the illustration. The spirit and success of the composition are evident in the illustration. What cannot be shown on so small a scale is the fidelity and skill with which the detail has been labored, especially the purely decorative detail in terra-cotta, so that it is completely in keeping with the general character of the architecture, and at the same time extremely attractive in itself. It is possible that the author has owed something not only to the Dutch builders of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but to the English revivalists, who for the past ten years or more have been practising the "Flemish Renaissance" with assiduity as the historical style most available for English domestic uses. But the originality of his work is not called in question by this fact, if it be a fact. It is quite obvious that the architecture of a building project so extensive and peculiar as this must be evolved from its own requirements, and cannot be borrowed, or even adapted, without thought and skill.

While these two are the most striking examples of the Dutch revival in New York, the west side shows many less complete or less successful essays in the same direction, and such essays may be seen out of the west side. One of these has been made in the design of the new St. Nicholas Club House, for which Dutch architecture would impose itself, even if there were not another Dutch building in New York. This is but an ordinary house front in extent, but it is unmistakably Dutch, and in some of the features, especially in the crow-stepped gable and in the parti-colored loggia in the upper story, retains some of the quaintness and charm of its original. A more extensive, as well as a more successful, attempt is in the projected building for the American Institute, to which also, as an ancient New York "institution," it is permitted to recall the beginnings of New York. But it is for domestic architecture that the style is most eminently suitable, and the successes already won in it give warrant for an expectation that henceforth it will successfully dispute the pre-eminence of the modes of design that have hitherto been more prevalent.

REVELATION.

MOST men desire yet fear to stand revealed
Unto themselves; when forced, aghast they stare,
As captives long from life and light concealed
Start at their shadows in the sunlit air.

CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS.

THE McDONOGH SCHOOLS OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IT is in New England on the one hand, and in the middle West on the other, that we see the reflection of the greatest popular interest in public education—an interest that leads the people to boast first and most of their grammar-schools, and to make them worthy of the praise they bestow upon them. The farther we travel from these active educational centres, the more we are apt to take it for granted that the public schools are of subordinate merit. This has been most true of the South, which, before the war, possessed a few notable colleges and universities, but sent her most favored sons abroad or to the North for their schooling. The poor down there had no such opportunities within the grasp of all as distinguished the other States. There has been a great change in this respect in the South, and the benefits of education are becoming more and more generally obtainable. But there is one Southern city that has always, one might almost say, shown a keen interest in its free schools, and that has made the schooling of its youth a conspicuous consideration. That city is New Orleans.

It not only has good schools, and many of them, but the story of their development includes a tale that is almost as interesting and remarkable as a novelist's invention.

It was in 1804 that the Louisianians first began to legislate for public education, and in 1805 a public university was actually established under a Board of Regents. But the solid foundation of their free-school system was not made until 1826, when the college that had been previously founded was abolished, and the moneys that had been used for it were turned over to the support of two primary schools and one grammar-school—a belated beginning at the true starting-point. The new scheme sought to benefit children between the ages of seven and fourteen, and gave preference to fifty children of the poor. After that the school fund was increased by the licensing of theatres, and again, the next year, by increased appropriations.

In 1850 there died there a man to whom the people owe a great and everlasting debt of gratitude. He was John McDonogh, and it is his history that gives picturesqueness to the story of the development of the school system of New Orleans. Mr. McDonogh was born in Baltimore in 1779, and went to New Orleans at about the time that it became ours by purchase. He possessed astonishing commercial genius, and by its unaided force made his way to the possession of great riches. New Orleans was then the seat of great wealth, and its leading men made use of their fortunes in maintaining princely mansions and in unbounded hospitality. McDonogh caught the spirit of the period, and he too lived magnificently and entertained lavishly. But he proved himself a patriotic and a brave man at the battle of New Orleans, and never was the record he made then tarnished by any later act of his life. Yet shortly after this he altered his manner of living, abandoned the gay society of the city, and retired to his plantation across the Mississippi.

A misadventure in love had affected him as no one of a myriad obstacles in the way of his making a fortune had been able to do. He had failed in his suit for the hand—though it is said that he won the heart—of a lady whose memory is still preserved with reverence in the old city. It is said by some that he afterwards nourished a hatred for womankind, by others that he tenderly nursed his regard for the lady, and died with her picture among his most valued keepsakes. Religious difference had been the cause of his failure to win her, it is said, and to religion she devoted her life. But the exact truth of none of these stories ever was or will be known.

McDonogh began to make large investments in city property. He believed the city had a grand future. Wherever unimproved property could be had he bought it. He became one of the greatest land-owners in the world. He could drive for fifty miles upon his own ground beside the Mississippi River, and he owned large tracts in Mississippi and Florida. Having bought property, he never would sell a foot of it. He was so peculiar in his habits that harsh critics grew up around him—men who said that he had lost every trace of that loving-kindness to his fellow-men that he once fancied was his ruling trait, who said he had no friends and cherished no kindred and gave nothing to the poor. They spoke of him as harsh and grasping, unmerciful to his debtors—even to the widow and the orphan. It did not seem then that such an epitome of his life as this could ever be written.

He said, without boasting of it, that he often worked eighteen hours a day. Every day he was rowed to New Orleans by two negroes in a skiff, and negro slaves, whom he had educated for this purpose, were his only assistants in the management of his business. Truly, the sad funereal moss that hung on his trees and darkened his home was in keeping with all else in his cold and cheerless latter days. He died in 1850, leaving his fortune to be divided between New Orleans and Baltimore, and to be used for furthering public education in those two cities. The executors rated the estate at two and a quarter millions of dollars in 1855, and in 1861 the New Orleans commissioners declared that city's share to be worth, in round numbers, $764,500. There was mismanagement and some waste for a time, but the fund, now well administered, was of incalculable benefit to the Crescent City in the years following the close of the rebellion, when but for it the common-school system might have been destroyed.

The present system of public schools in New Orleans is the outgrowth of a revision of the entire scheme of public education in Louisiana about twenty years ago. There are twenty-eight large McDonogh school buildings, substantial and creditable in every respect, accommodating 15,000 children, and valued at about $600,000. The other public schools of the city accommodate about 8000 pupils. Nearly 500 teachers are employed in all of them. There are high, grammar, and primary schools for both white and negro children, and these divisions include three high-schools, forty-six grammar-schools, nine primary schools, and five kindergarten departments—truly a wonderful showing for a city of 242,000 inhabitants. The schools are under the control of a Board of Directors consisting of twenty members, eight of whom are appointed by the Governor, the others elected by the City Council. One-fourth of the board retires from office each year. The board elects a City Superintendent, who has entire charge of the schools during a term of four years. In 1892 the city's appropriation for public schools was $195,000, to which was added $35,000 appropriated by the State. The teachers, though poorly paid, as we in the North would think, attend loyally to their work, and the whole system, when I was there in 1892, reflected the general pride of the people in their noblest trust.

THE WEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY J. K. UPTON.

THE wealth of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, at the close of the census decade 1890, as shown by the investigations of the Eleventh Census, aggregates the enormous sum of $65,037,091.197. In this amount is included the value of only actual tangible property at a fair commercial value, and it is distributed according to ownership without regard to location. Stocks, bonds, notes, mortgages, paper money, and all other evidences of wealth are rigorously excluded, though such items frequently enter into values assessed for purposes of taxation.

Of the grand total, the real estate of the country, including improvements thereon, constitutes $39,544,544,333, and of this amount farm lands, with improvements thereon, represent $13,279,252,649. The remainder is the value of city and village lots, with improvements thereon, suburban property not occupied for farming purposes, national, State, and local buildings and grounds, churches, schools, and charitable institutions, vacant national and State lands, Indian and national reservations.

Of the total value of real estate, there are exempt from taxation lands and improvements valued at $3,833,335,225.

The entire wealth of the country is classified and valued as follows:

Real estate and improvements thereon	$39,544,544,333
Live-stock on farms and ranges, farm implements and machinery	2,703,015,040
Mines and quarries, including product on hand	1,291,291,579
Gold and silver coin and bullion	1,158,774,948
Machinery of mills and product on hand, raw and manufactured	3,058,593,441
Railroads and equipments, including street railroads	8,685,407,323
Telegraphs, telephones, shipping, and canals	701,755,712
Miscellaneous	7,893,708,821
Total	$65,037,091,197

The value reported is termed the "true value" in distinction from the assessed value, which is a value placed upon certain property for taxation purposes only.

An estimate of the true value of property has been made and published by the Census Office every decade, commencing with 1850, but under the act requiring the Eleventh Census to investigate and report the amount of mortgages upon real property at the close of the census decade 1890 the true value of the realty became of official importance, that the relation between it and the amount of the mortgage indebtedness might be accurately determined.

As a preliminary to the investigation of real-estate values, lists were prepared showing by counties and minor divisions for the entire country the assessed value of real estate taxed. Inquiries were then sent to every assessor who had been engaged in fixing such values, asking him what relation, in his opinion, the assessed value bore to the true selling value of the property in question. These inquiries were pressed, until responses were generally obtained, and meanwhile postmasters and private citizens believed to be familiar with real-estate values in their respective localities were invited to furnish like expressions of opinions, and thousands of replies were received. The returns were arranged by counties, and meanwhile the returns of the enumerators of the value of farm lands and improvements by counties had been tabulated, and from all the information furnished the value of taxed lands was carefully determined. To this was added the value of real estate exempt from taxation in the county, which value had been obtained by another inquiry sent to the principal executive officer of every county and municipality in the county, or to some other officer competent to give an answer, the total constituting the true value of all the real estate and improvements thereon in the county.

When the tabulation of a State by counties had been completed, a statement thereof was promptly sent the Governor for his approval, or for such suggestions as he might see fit to make, and all changes indicated as necessary have been made.

In ascertaining the value of other property little reference was had to the assessed value of the property taxed. A great portion of such property is exempt from ad valorem taxation by law, and of the remainder a large portion is known to escape taxation by fraudulent evasion. As the several classes of property could not, however, be shelved, scheduled, and tagged like the assets of a going concern, it became necessary to resort to such other methods as would seem to insure the most satisfactory results.

The value of live-stock on farms, farm implements, and machinery was reported by the enumerators, and such values were accepted unquestioned. The number and kind of cattle on ranges were also thus reported, and a value was given them by census officers familiar with such values. The value of mines and quarries had already been obtained by this office, and published in the *Volume of Mining Industries*, 1890. The value reported is not that of their capital stock, but of the actual investment in land, machinery, implements, and stock on hand.

The value of gold and silver coin and bullion is as reported by the Director of the Mint for 1890.

The value of machinery of mills and of products on hand is as reported to this office by the owners.

The value of railroads and equipments, including street railroads, represents the cost of construction and equipment of the roads in question.

Of the items included as miscellaneous, the principal one is that of furniture and private carriages. So great a portion of such items is exempt from taxation that the assessors' lists give little indication even of its existence, yet the examination of upwards of 8000 fire-insurance policies on contents of residences outside of large cities showed that the average insurance per house on furniture was $387. With carriages included the amount would reach about $400 per house, making, at that rate, about $5,000,000,000 in the country for these two items. The value of merchandise in the hands of merchants, and of cattle not on farms, was approximated from the returns of local assessors for taxation for a large number of places. The value of goods in bond, $43,000,000, is as officially reported by the Treasury Department. That of agricultural products on hand is based upon amounts reported by the Commissioner of Agriculture. That of public libraries and other personal property exempt from taxation, upon returns received by this office from every municipality in the country.

It is believed that no important class of property has been omitted in the inventory, and that the inventory given is, on the whole, a conservative estimate of the wealth of the country in 1890.

The amount has been divided among the several States, and the per capita wealth computed as follows:

States and Territories.	Amount.	Per Capita.
Total	$65,037,091,197	$1039
NORTH ATLANTIC DIVISION	$21,435,491,864	$1232
Maine	489,134,128	740
New Hampshire	325,128,740	863
Vermont	265,567,323	799
Massachusetts	2,803,645,447	1252
Rhode Island	504,162,352	1459
Connecticut	835,120,219	1119
New York	8,576,701,991	1430
New Jersey	1,445,285,114	1000
Pennsylvania	6,190,746,550	1177
SOUTH ATLANTIC DIVISION	5,132,980,666	579
Delaware	175,678,795	1043
Maryland	1,085,473,048	1041
District of Columbia	343,596,733	1491
Virginia	862,318,070	521
West Virginia	438,954,881	575
North Carolina	584,148,999	361
South Carolina	400,911,303	348
Georgia	852,409,449	464
Florida	389,489,388	995
NORTH CENTRAL DIVISION	25,255,915,549	1129
Ohio	3,951,382,384	1076
Indiana	2,095,176,626	956
Illinois	5,066,751,719	1324
Michigan	2,095,016,272	1001
Wisconsin	1,833,308,523	1087
Minnesota	1,691,851,927	1300
Iowa	2,287,348,333	1196
Missouri	2,397,902,945	895
North Dakota	337,006,506	1844
South Dakota	425,141,299	1293
Nebraska	1,275,685,514	1205
Kansas	1,799,343,501	1261
SOUTH CENTRAL DIVISION	6,401,281,019	583
Kentucky	1,172,232,313	631
Tennessee	887,956,143	502
Alabama	622,773,504	412
Mississippi	454,242,688	352
Louisiana	495,301,597	443
Texas	2,105,576,766	942
Oklahoma	48,285,124	781
Arkansas	455,147,422	403
Indian Territory	159,765,462	....
WESTERN DIVISION	6,811,422,099	2250
Montana	453,135,209	3429
Wyoming	169,773,710	2797
Colorado	1,145,712,267	2780
New Mexico	231,459,897	1507
Arizona	188,880,976	3168
Utah	349,411,234	1681
Nevada	180,323,668	3941
Idaho	207,896,591	2464
Washington	760,698,726	2177
Oregon	590,396,194	1882
California	2,533,733,627	2097

The value of railroads was distributed among the several States according to mileage. For most of the other items the values were originally given by States.

The following table shows the total true and assessed valuations for 1890, as compared with previous decades, as far as published by the Census Office:

Year.	True Valuation.			Assessed Valuation of Estate Taxed.		
	Amount.	Per Capita.	Increase Per Cent.	Total.	Per Cap.	Increase Per Cent.
1850	$7,135,780,228	308	....	$6,024,666,909	260	....
1860	16,159,616,068	514	126.46	12,084,560,005	384	100.58
1870	30.068,518,507	780	86.07	14,178,986,732	368	17.33
1880	43,642,000,000	870	45.14	17,139,903,495	342	20.88
1890	65,037,091,197	1039	49 02	25,473,173,418	407	48 62

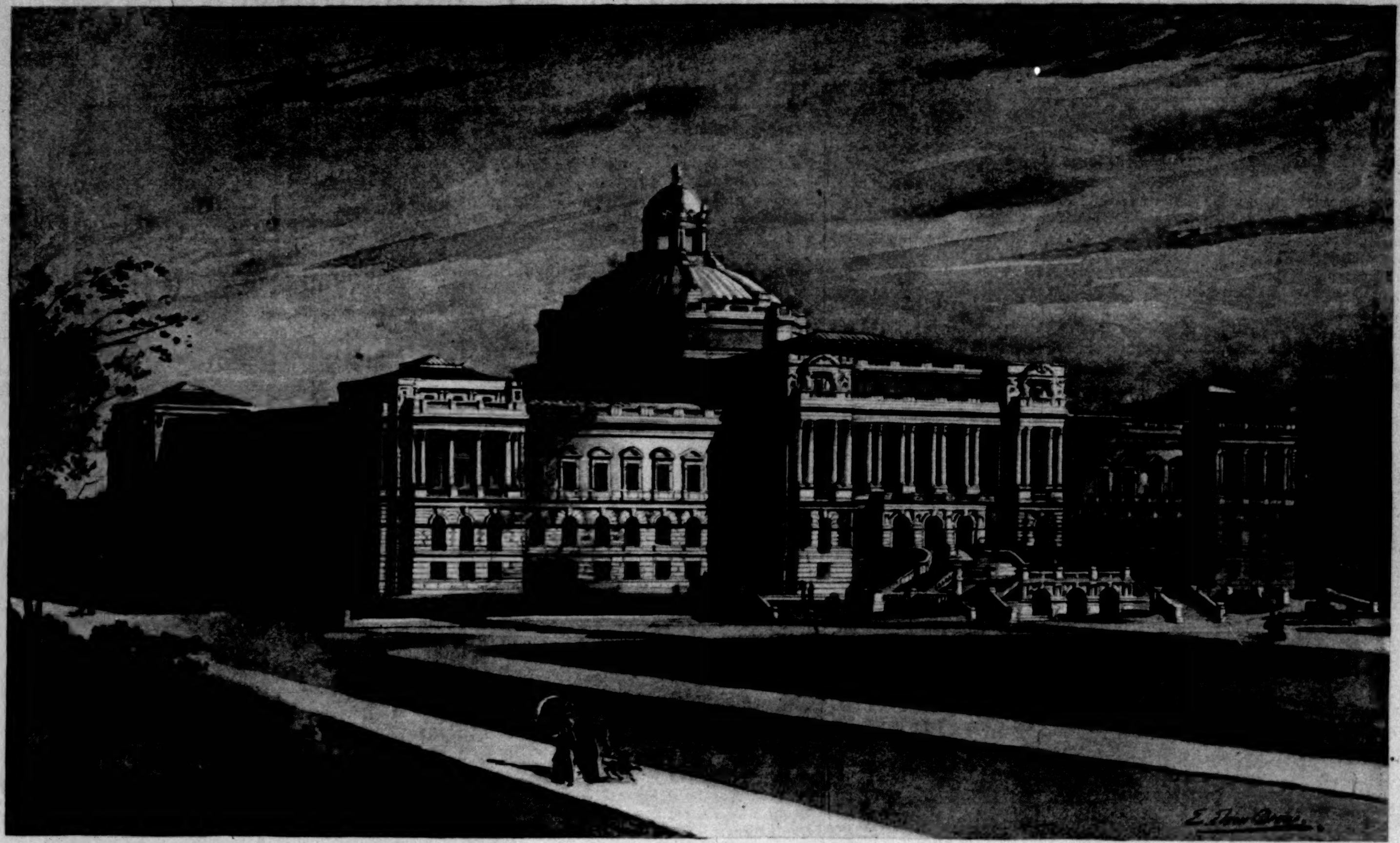
In explanation of the above table it should be stated that under an act of May 23, 1850, census officers were required to make a return of the value of real and personal property as actually assessed, and the true valuation of both species of property combined, as estimated by the officer making the return. From the wording of the law, as well as from the reports published, it is evident that no attempt was made in 1850 or 1860 to include in the true valuation the value of vacant national lands, or any other property that was not assessed for taxation. In 1870, however, the values appear to have been made after a more rigorous investigation, and the increase in the true valuation for that decade is at a far greater ratio than that of the assessed, indicating that other than taxable property was included in the true valuation. It should be borne in mind, however, that the values for 1870 are expressed in the terms of the depreciated currency of that period, and for purposes of comparing them with those of any other decade they should be decreased about twenty per cent. to bring them to the gold standard, in which the values for all other decades have been reckoned. No statement is published in the report of the first three decades of the character of the property, or the amount of each kind entering into the true valuation, but in 1880, when evidently the investigation was more exhaustive than that of any previous period, the value of the property is thus classified:

	Millions.
Farms	10,197
Residence and business real estate, including water-power	9,881
Railroads and equipment	5,536
Telegraphs, shipping, and canals	419
Live-stock, whether on or off farms, and farming tools and machinery	2,406
Household furniture, paintings, books, clothing, jewelry, household supplies of food, fuel, etc.	5,000
Mines (including petroleum wells) and quarries, together with one-half the annual product reckoned as the average supply in the hands of producers or dealers	781
Three-quarters of the annual product of agriculture and manufactures, and of the annual importation of foreign goods, assumed to be the average supply in the hands of producers or dealers	6,160
Churches, schools, asylums, public buildings of all kinds, and other real estate exempt from taxation	2,000
Specie	612
Miscellaneous items, including tools of mechanics	650

An estimate of the wealth of several other nations has been recently published by Prof. M. G. Mulhall, a distinguished economic writer of England, showing values as follows:

Country.	Amount of Wealth.	
	Total.	Per Capita.
Great Britain and Ireland	$45,684,000,000	$1,197 00
France	41,786,280,000	1,093 34
Germany	31,283,820,000	632 98
Russia (in Europe)	24,732,540,000	271 57
Austria	18,735,300,000	463 00
Italy	14,400,180,000	471 13

No intimation is given of the methods pursued by Mr. Mulhall in arriving at the above results, but if the figures are trustworthy, it is evident that the aggregate wealth of the United States exceeds that of any European country, even of any of the so-called great powers, and is greater than that of Russia (in Europe), Austria, and Italy combined.

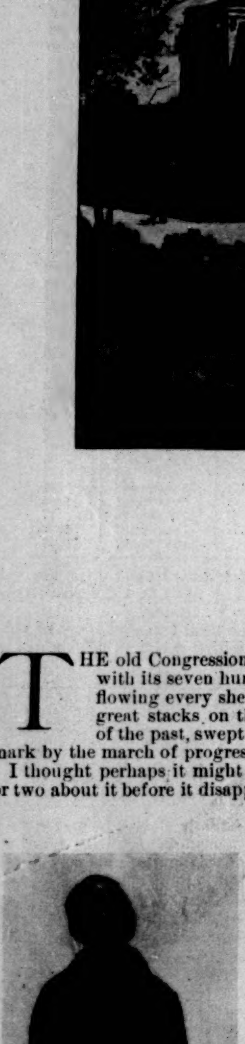


THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

BY NANNIE BELLE MAURY.

THE old Congressional Library as it stands to-day, with its seven hundred thousand volumes overflowing every shelf and table, and heaped up in great stacks on the floor, will soon be a thing of the past, swept away like many another landmark by the march of progress.

I thought perhaps it might be worth while to say a word or two about it before it disappears forever from its familiar home in the Capitol, and expands into the handsome new building just across the square.



"LOOKING 'ROUND."

A charming old place it is, suggesting days gone by, and with a flavor of antiquity and a faint smell of old books, most agreeable in this country of new things.

Between the crowded marble floor and the skylight are several galleries, equally crowded, and across either end of the main room are two L's with more galleries. Down the middle of each room is a succession of oblong tables, and, come when you will, these tables are always surrounded by people reading. The absolute silence is broken now and then by an electric bell, which rings sharply once, twice, three times, according to the particular assistant who is wanted. Each of these assistants has a certain division of the library directly under his charge, so that if the book you want happens to be in the top gallery of the North L the man at the desk rings the electric bell four times. No. 4 instantly appears, disappears, and returns with your book in an incredibly short time. The method and order are perfect.

The sides of the three rooms are divided into little square alcoves lined with iron shelves, where the books stand two and three deep, each alcove being guarded by an iron grating across the front. It is altogether in keeping with the old-fashioned air of the whole place to see an assistant take a dingy kerosene lamp and peer closely at the titles when he wants to find anything in one of these dim recesses. Improvised shelves are ranged along the railings of the galleries, where the books and pamphlets and sheet music have mounted up higher and higher, until it seems as if they must spill over with a crash to the floor below.

This actually did happen a few years ago. A landslide of books in the gallery dislodged one of the great piles near the railing, which toppled over, and descended like an avalanche upon the head of a Congressman who was quietly reading below, and who found himself buried beneath a cartload of literature before he realized that anything had happened. Wonderful to relate, he escaped with a few bruises. The accident was brought about, it is said, by a publisher—a great connaisseur—who was examining some rare editions in the gallery, and inadvertently leaned his weight against the top-heavy stack of books, which suddenly gave way, carrying with it several of the priceless volumes he was studying. When the crash came he rushed headlong down the gallery, stairs, and without stopping to find out whether his victim was alive or dead, began eagerly searching in the débris to see if his precious books had been injured, leaving to the bystanders the less important duty of digging out the unlucky Congressman.

The librarian-in-chief, Mr. Spofford, has held the position for at least thirty years, and knows more about books than any other man in this country. He can tell you in an instant what book will best help you on any subject you are studying, and where to find it. He is constantly called to the telephone behind his desk to answer somebody who is in search of a certain fact and does not know where to look for it. In the midst of a conversation with an old gentleman who wanted a volume of Virginia Colonial Records, I saw him hurry to the telephone, listen attentively a moment to the man at the other end of the wire, and reply, without an instant's hesitation, "You will find that in the case of Parker against Parker, Volume 101, Supreme Court Library," returning to the old Virginian and resuming his conversation with him in less time than it takes me to tell it.

To the left of Mr. Spofford's desk is a sort of counter, where an old man stands opening the enormous mail which inundates the library every day. There he stands by the hour peering through his spectacles at the mass of magazines, maps, and papers, which he sorts and disposes of with marvellous rapidity. All the daily papers, as well as the magazines, are preserved in bound volumes, with their covers and advertisements bound in with the rest, as these are often very valuable and interesting as historical records.

A great character is this gray-headed mail-opener, and a very entertaining talker. He invited us to go down stairs with him and see the crypt where the newspapers are kept, and a most curious place it is. It reminded me of the Roman Catacombs, this dark, vaulted, subterranean labyrinth, where you could easily lose yourself in the winding passages, lined on each side with the dry bones of newspapers, instead of those of human beings. The old man leads the way with a tallow candle which hardly does more than burn a hole in the dense black darkness; and a weird-looking cat, grimy with dust and dirt, slinks along at his heels, mewing incessantly. She is a great pet, and a great acquisition, too, for she keeps the rats away from the books. "These newspapers date from 1771," says our guide, peering at the titles, and holding the candle so close to the old dry paper that we expect to see the whole place in a blaze. "In that chest of drawers," he goes on, "are the maps of all the wars ever fought in this country; those of the Revolutionary war are done in pen and ink, and were carried about by George Washington in his pocket. And here is where the law-books are kept. All this part is devoted to Matt Carpenter's law library, which was bought by Congress."

"It must be very amusing," we said to him, in parting, "to open the magazines and comic papers and get the first look at the pictures."

"Not a bit of it," he answered, dryly, as he blew out his candle. "If you had opened comic papers for as many years as I have, you would not see any fun in any of them."

In the South L is a large table marked "Reserved for Members of Congress." Around this table are arranged temporary shelves, and if you want to know what is going on in Congress, all you have to do is to look and see what books are on these shelves. Whatever is being discussed in the Senate or House is indicated here by all the best books on that subject, placed conveniently by the table for the benefit of the members who come to study up on the tariff, or the silver question, or whatever is agitating the public mind for the moment.

"A TYPICAL BOOKWORM."

The South L is the quietest part of the library, and very few outsiders ever find their way to it.

The Congressional Library was established when Jefferson became President of the United States, and afterwards, when he got into financial difficulties at "Monticello," he offered his own library for sale to the government. Congress bought it for twenty-three thousand dollars—about half the sum he had paid for his seven thousand volumes, many of which were very rare and costly. They were

"IN THE RECESS OF A WINDOW SITS A DEAR LITTLE GIRL."

hauled in wagons from Monticello to Washington, and made sixteen loads.

In 1851 a fire broke out in the library, and destroyed thirty-five thousand books, including some of the most valuable. Everybody in the Capitol turned out to the rescue. Senators, judges, statesmen, and librarians formed in line from the Rotunda to the burning library and passed buckets of water from hand to hand. Lewis Cass, the celebrated Senator from Michigan, was one of them. After attacking the fire in this primitive style for some time, somebody conceived the bright idea of hauling the fire-engine into the Rotunda, so that it could be near enough to force water through the hose into the library.

With superhuman efforts they managed to get the great lumbering engine up the steps of the Capitol, and succeeded in putting out the fire. After this the iron bookshelves were put in.

Two copies of every book published in this country are deposited in the library, according to act of Congress—everything, from a dime novel to the finest *édition de luxe*—and they multiply at the rate of thirty or forty thousand volumes a year, not counting the pamphlets and music. It is nothing short of miraculous how they keep track of these thousands upon thousands of books, heaped on the floor in great stacks higher than your head.

Mr. Spofford has many assistants, many of whom are young mulattoes—intelligent, bright fellows, with such good manners. All of them, white and colored, are polite and obliging, and I never knew one to lose his temper, even when sorely tried by some stupid woman who gave the wrong title in asking for a novel, and necessitated a long and fruitless search among the mountains of fiction. One of these assistants—a well-known society man—has occupied a certain chair and desk for so many years that his well-dressed figure is a feature of the room. He always wears a boutonnière of fresh violets.

But it is the people, after all, and not the books, which are the chief attraction of the library—the people who come there to read and study. Nowhere else have I ever seen a collection of human beings so entirely separate one from another as the men and women seated around these tables. They are essentially individuals, not units in a crowd. Nobody seems conscious of anybody else. They are all absorbed in their books, apparently oblivious of everything outside, and I really believe you could sit down at one of the tables and sketch the man opposite without his having the least idea of what you were doing.

The sight-seers who stroll in occasionally—and of whom nobody takes the slightest notice — are always oppressed with the idea that they are very conspicuous. The click of their heels on the marble pavement makes them painfully self-conscious. They edge around the tables, stumbling against the piles of bound New York *Times* and Cincinnati *Enquirers* on the floor, and apologizing to the cuspidors—mistaken for feet—in an agony of embarrassment, while the readers sit tranquilly unconscious of their entrance or exit. It took me a long time to realize that I could sit and stare at a face that attracted me exactly as I would at a picture on the wall without any awkwardness on either side.

What are they so intent upon, these three roomfuls of people? Some are studying, and some reading for pleasure. I look at the different types of faces, and try to imagine what each one would be likely to care for. I am seized with a desire to peep over their shoulders and find out.

That old man—who looks as if he had just stepped out of one of Dickens's novels—has been coming here to read every day for years and years. He is tall and lanky, with shoulders so narrow and bowed with much poring over books that he is almost deformed. His shabby clothes hang on his thin body loosely, as if it were a rack, and a pair of coarse brown woollen sleeves are drawn up over his coat sleeves to protect them. His long shaggy gray hair is brushed carelessly back in the style so dear to musical geniuses. (By-the-way, why is it so impossible for a man to be a successful musician without the aid of long hair? There seems to be a Samson-like connection between long hair and strength, even in the art of music. The longer the locks, the greater the artist. It is very curious.) This old man is a typical bookworm, dried up and dead to all the healthy human interests of active life. He has nothing in common with the busy every-day world outside the great library. How strange it must be to live a life like that! To dream away one's existence among books, in poverty and obscurity, under the very same roof where the great heart of the nation throbs in tumultuous life, and the fierce ambitions of men strive and struggle!

At another table sits a woman, young, pretty, well dressed. She has taken off her hat, and her soft brown hair is arranged in the latest style. In front of her is a pile of foolscap paper, and she is writing busily, referring now and then to one of a heap of books beside her manuscript. Is she writing an article for a magazine, or only hunting up statistics for somebody else to use?

Not far off is a charming little society girl, in an irreproachable tailor-made gown, searching through ponderous volumes of old prints for a costume to copy for a fancy ball. The contrasts are as striking as at the roulette tables of Monte Carlo.

The whole effect of mellow ivory and gold decoration, glowing bookbindings, and all these silent types of humanity absorbed in their different ways, is extremely picturesque and interesting.

It is particularly pleasant to get a chair in one of the big west windows, where you can have the benefit of both the inside and outside view. Seated there comfortably, with a book in your hand as an excuse for cumbering the over-crowded room, you can see the whole city stretched before you, with its broad avenues radiating like the spokes of a wheel from the Capitol. The government buildings and the Washington Monument stand out finely against the clear smokeless sky, and the Gothic towers of the Smithsonian Institution look quite like an old castle. Conspicuous in the foreground is the peaked roof of the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, and you can watch the trains rushing in and out of the city, and moralize on the restless activity of this end of the nineteenth century. It is when you see it from a distance, and get as it were a bird's-eye view of the city silhouetted against the sky, that you realize one of the chief beauties and advantages of Washington. No factories are here to defile the air with smoke and soot. The atmosphere is as clear and transparent as it is in the country. It is the city of light and sunshine.

Right under the library windows is the broad flagged terrace which has done so much to beautify the west front of the Capitol. It has a foreign, Italian look, with its marble balustrade ornamented at intervals by huge bronze vases of growing cactus.

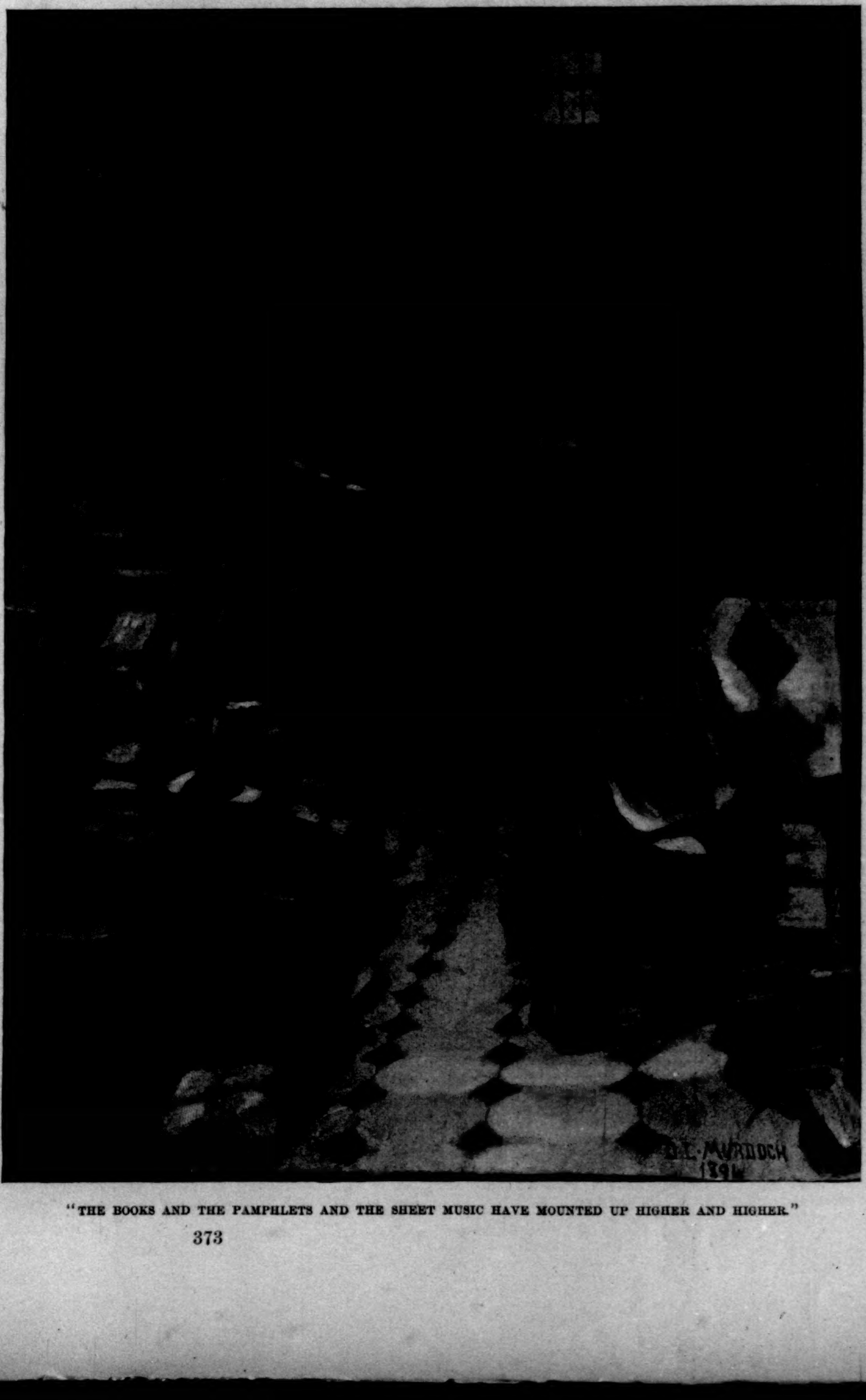
The view from this terrace is superb, and our Congressmen would do well to copy the custom of the members of Parliament, and have tea out there in fine weather, as they do on the terrace at Westminster.

Perhaps it would be just as well to explain here a thing which puzzles every stranger who comes to Washington. "Why is it," they always ask, "that your beautiful Capitol stands with its back to the city?"

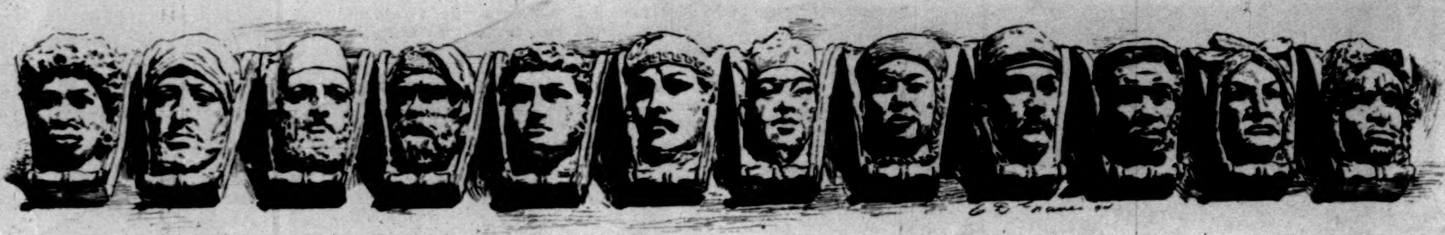
The east front, facing Capitol Hill, is celebrated all over the world for its imposing beauty; the west front, overlooking the city proper, has an unmistakably back-door appearance, which has, however, been wonderfully transformed by the terrace I spoke of. A hundred years ago last September the corner-stone of the Capitol was laid. I don't know whether there was any village, or even any houses, here in those days, but as the site chosen for the Capitol was on a hill overlooking a barren stretch of lowlands and marshes (commonly called the "Mash" by the colored citizens in after-years), it was naturally supposed that the future city would spread itself on the high ground stretching eastward, so the architects planned the Capitol with its back to the marshes. People owning property on these heights held it at such extortionate prices that a few desperate settlers bought and built in the "Mash." Others soon followed suit, and almost before any one realized what was happening the tide of the city turned and flowed steadily westward, leaving the bewildered capitalists on the hill to meditate bitterly.

But I have wandered away from the library, which happened to appeal to my artistic sense the other day when I went there to get a book. Perhaps it was because I had not been before for many years, but it struck me very forcibly that when all this chaos of books and magazines is rooted out of the dusty alcoves of the charming old room and arranged in irreproachable order on the shelves of the new library, we shall have lost one of the most interesting and picturesque features of the Capitol.

I am afraid it is quite impossible for me to give any idea in words of the charm of the place. There is an effect of



"THE BOOKS AND THE PAMPHLETS AND THE SHEET MUSIC HAVE MOUNTED UP HIGHER AND HIGHER."



SOME OF THE KEYSTONES OF THE THIRTY-THREE GREAT ARCHES OF THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

careless disorder and picturesque confusion suggestive of an old curiosity shop. The stillness is remarkable when you look about and see that the room is *full* of people crowded together, elbows touching around the tables. There is a strong fascination in the intent faces bending over the books and papers. I watch them in turn, trying to discover which are studying and which reading for amusement. I imagine all sorts of interesting things about them, and wish I had the cleverness to write a story about the young woman with the pretty hair, who has not once looked up from her writing since I came in. The handsome young fellow at the next table would do for the hero. He is deep in a musty old book, and must be hunting up some fact to settle a bet at the club. He looks too athletic and dapper to be a student. Right next him sits a thin hollow-chested man of about thirty-five, leaning his head on his hand and poring wearily over a table of statistics. Such a delicate white hand—almost like a woman's—and such a weary pale face! If it is Saturday, you will be sure to find numbers of school-boys, deep in stories of travel and adventure—regular little every-day noisy school-boys, of the kind that snowball you in the street, and yell like savages; yet there they sit as quiet as the quietest old bookworm, never even looking up from the bloody deeds and hair-breadth escapes on the pages before them.

In the recess of a window sits a dear little girl, with sweet serious eyes, which see nothing but the fairy-story she is absorbed in. She has stretched out her long thin legs so that her feet can rest on the round of another chair. Her head is bent till her chin rests on her chest, her long fair hair streams over the book on her knees, and she has floated far away to the land of fairies and beautiful princesses. Stay as long as you can, little girl. It is an enchanting country, and by-and-by you won't be able to get there any more.

I have a good look at all the sight-seers because my chair is close by a glass case containing one of the curiosities of the library which everybody wants to see—an old Latin Bible, printed by hand, and dating from the thirteenth century. I wonder what pious soul labored over those faultless pages, and how long it took him? A lifetime perhaps. And now we turn out thousands of Bibles every day! The sight-seers as well as the children multiply on Saturdays. The electric bell is kept ringing all the time, and the assistants hurry here and there with armfuls of books, their lamps twinkling like big fire-flies in the dark alcoves. People stroll through in squads, led by the Capitol guides. He tells them about the 700,000 books and the ancient Latin Bible, and then they have "done" the library, and are ready to go on to the next sight. Little negro boys—tiny fellows of six and seven years—wander in and stare vaguely around with their big black eyes. What *can* be the connecting link between a little colored boy and the library of Congress?

This great national library is a veritable epitome of life. Here are all sorts and types of character, drawn into close contact by motives as widely different as they are from each other. Young and old, rich and poor, earnest workers and frivolous worldlings, thrown together on common ground. As I said before, I have never seen anywhere else such a strange mixture of humanity in a small space except at the Monte Carlo gambling-tables.

The new Library is an immense granite building with a great golden dome, which is about one-third the height of the Washington Monument, and can be seen from Alexandria. The building covers nearly four acres, and is ornamented with beautiful carvings, the most remarkable of which are heads representing all the different races of the earth. Every type of man is depicted here in massive granite, from the Anglo-Saxon, the Greek, and the Latin down to the lowest type of Dog-faced African and South Sea Island savage. Nothing I could say would give any idea of the marvellous beauty of these heads of stone. The faces are so absolutely lifelike and full of expression and character that they seem almost alive. They are triumphs of art and workmanship, and deserve a world-wide fame. These wonderful heads serve as key-stones to the thirty-three great arches around the main gallery of the building.

The dome is the second largest golden dome in the world, the largest being that of St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg. It is plated with pure gold, put on in little sheets as thin as tissue-paper, and about four inches square. The whole immense structure has not enough wood in it to make a toothpick, but is composed entirely of stone, cement, and plate glass.

Each window is one enormous piece of plate glass set in the wall so that it can never be opened. This is to exclude dust. The ventilation is from the roof. Every modern invention for convenience and durability is employed in this superb building, which is to cost $6,000,000.

Mr. Green, the superintending engineer, gave me many details which I have not space enough to go into here.

They say this New Congressional Library will be the most beautiful and complete library in the world when it is finished, and no doubt the overcrowded primitive old library in the Capitol is a mighty inconvenient and uncomfortable place for those who have to keep account of all that picturesque confusion and delightful irregularity, but nevertheless I shall be heartily sorry when it is swept away forever.

A DROP OF BLOOD.

(*Continued from page 368.*)

too stupid to distinguish properly between the crust and the cake.

They lived in mid-air, at the top of a dingy barrack, close to the Grand'rue de Passy. Their street still stands; it is broad, banal, a *cul-de-sac.* Children play and shriek in it. Thank God for that. And from the near distance ascends the continuous rumble of the main road, amid smells of tripe and washing and all things disagreeable. Anastase used sometimes to wonder whether people ate all day long.

He did not.

By no means.

From the little stucco balcony you could catch a glimpse, by craning, of a dozen trees of the Bois de Boulogne, at La Muette, and on your other side the glittering needles of the Trocadéro soared, gaunt, into the sky. Said Anastase, "Nature to left of me, Paris to right of me, God overhead." He called his seventh story "rus in urbe." Even when they were cooking cabbage downstairs.

He was shopman at a stationer's in the Grand'rue. His father, an old Concierge down in Montpellier, felt perfectly satisfied, but his mother had hoped better things, for was not Anastase "intelligent"? The Curé had said so, and with the Curé's help she had scraped and squeezed her darling through the many examinations which hedge, in France, the post of parish schoolmaster. To every one's disappointment, Anastase had come through every ordeal with almost a mathematical minimum of success. He worked hard at the wrong things. His professors said that he wasted his energies.

He was lost low down on the list of many applicants for infrequent vacancies. It is a fine thing to be a communal teacher, but one must have patience to achieve it.

So he married at nineteen. That, too, is a fine thing. The fat old father swore in silence at the dark, passionate son, whom he rarely met. Montpellier is an expensive distance from Paris, and Anastase said he could breathe nowhere else than on the outskirts of a mighty crowd. But there were no posts of undermaster vacant in Paris for lazy people who had not even married the daughter of an Inspector; Anastase, therefore, obtained a situation—temporarily, he hoped—at the stationer's. "It is thus, at any rate," he said to Célestine, "I remain in connection with literature."

For the love of books was all his dreamy life, his present joy, his future hope. But the few volumes he owned and read were not the kind in which a scientific government examines. He cherished them as only he can do who pays in hunger. Don't talk of a unique inanity from Quaritch's; the man who loves the inside of his book derives no pleasure from the thought that no one else can share it.

Anastase Amidon, then, lived in, for, and very largely on books, and—there was a small circulating library at the stationer's. It was this which had attracted him. Monsieur Lalois, the good-natured ball in possession of the shop, pretended not to disapprove. The young man sold paper and pens. How monotonous they were to sell, how laborious to buy! The purchase of a new copy-book entailed the abandonment of his single luxury, the penny cigar. And he was constantly wanting fresh copy-books, for of evenings he would sit ceaselessly scribbling. "Heavens, is it possible," said his wife, "one man can scribble so much!" He piled them up, his scribblings, and there they lay. Beautiful things, useless things, things that nobody would have cared to look at. Fortunately, nobody knew aught about them, excepting Célestine, who understood them in part and loved them wholly.

And he? He loved them more than Célestine, more than Lina, more than himself. That is saying a good deal, but it is saying it incorrectly, because his scribblings were himself far more than he.

For the Angel of Life had stood at Amidon's cradle and cursed him where he lay. He was a poet.

II.

"Bonheur qui passe!
Amour qui lasse!
Rien ne nous reste que notre douleur.
Mais dans la vie
Qui pleure prie.
Tout ce qui prie a des larmes au cœur,"

sang Anastase in a low voice, dusting the piles of copy-books. His wages were a hundred francs a month, and he earned them.

"That is not very cheerful, Anastase, mon garçon," exclaimed Monsieur Lalois, unexpectedly emerging from his cozy back parlor. He was a barrel-bodied little man, with black currant eyes behind his shiny spectacles. "You should compose songs such as I sang in my youthful days, about springtide and kisses and pretty women. Ahi, Madame Lalois!"—the intervening glass door creaked carelessly forward. "Close it, Anastase," said the "patron," nervously. "Let us avoid draughts and all ill winds. But you have a charming wife and daughter. Sing of these. You are as doleful as the one-eyed beggar that moans past the door on Saturdays."

"I give them my best, Monsieur," replied Amidon. "Ah, but I sing of them often."

"And me your worst," grumbled the shopkeeper, leisurely finishing his chocolate. "Well, well, you are right. Naturally, they will make more of your sadness than I."

"Exactly," assented Amidon, calmly. He perfectly understood his lord and master, knowing him to be one of those men who pride themselves on their good nature, smoothly selfish, cheaply benevolent. "Put back my cup in the parlor, Anastase," said Monsieur Lalois, who was not sure how much his wife might have heard of his rash reminiscence. The assistant obeyed. He possesses a little book called *The Dusty Road to Glory.* It treats not of cruel tortures, but of splashes and clods, and also of generous halfpence. At that time it formed his most unwholesome, indigestible daily bread.

"It is nobody's fault but your own," argued the stationer, querulously. "Why did you not stand higher on the list of candidates? Why did you marry so early? Why did you—bah, a hundred why's! You oughtn't to be a shopkeeper's assistant. Why are you?"

"I do not complain," replied Amidon, coloring. "Besides, you are mistaken. I should not be happier as a schoolmaster."

"Whew!" exclaimed Monsieur Lalois, suddenly collapsing on the counter. "Then you will never be content?"

"No, indeed," replied Anastase, adding—aloud, for he was a Frenchman—"Between me and my contentment lies the world!"

"You are a poet," calmly responded Monsieur Lalois, "and you speak poetically. You would be fairly comfortable, I presume, like most poets, if people praised your verses, and paid for them."

"It is possible." Anastase shrugged his shoulders. He thought of his copy-books at home, hidden away in the old deal desk. Would those goblets of his heart's best blood ever pass from unknown hand to hand, to be quaffed amid laughter and tears? He trembled at the idea. He could not have said whether in ecstasy or pain.

"No, it is undoubted," grunted Monsieur Lalois. "But you will never have an opportunity of proving it. No publisher will ever publish your poems. Have you tried?"

"I have tried, Monsieur Lalois," replied the assistant, wearily, for his master's question had long since lost its unpleasing freshness. He did not say how often he had hoped and failed. Fortunately for himself, he had lost count.

"Do I not know? And that goes to prove what I was saying. Your poems are too bad to get printed, or too good, which is worse, because far more hopeless. Who shall decide which? But it does not matter, for in either case the publishers are right. Nobody reads poetry nowadays. Of that, at least, *I* am a judge. See there!" He swept his podgy hand in a half-circle along his shabby bookshelves. "There they are," he cried, "right at the top! Racine, Corneille, Molière! Go up, Anastase, and wipe the dust off! It is your misfortune, mon garçon, that you are an immortal. They die of hunger. Be a Boisgobey or a Gaboriau! Behold, even *Mon Premier Crime* is torn to tatters. Write a book like that! Ah, it is a friend who advises you. Write a book like that! Go, you will have to sweep out shops no more."

"You have given me that advice before," replied Amidon, coloring, "but I cannot produce a bad book. I mean, not intentionally. I would rather remove dirt than make it."

"Ta-ta-ta," persisted Monsieur Lalois. "We ask not for badness, but for excitement. Above all, write prose. You live in a prosy age. Write a novel. Never have I warned you so plainly, but you will come to die of your poetry, you and your family. For remember, Amidon, that if it is not pleasant for a poet to be a shopkeeper's assistant, neither is it pleasant for a shopkeeper to have a poet in his pay."

"Do I not do my duty?" began Anastase, hotly.

"Pooh! I am not yet sending you away. Nevertheless, it is uncomfortable. Somehow, it makes one feel responsible for the world's being upside down. I would rather have another assistant and sell your books. Twentieth edition of *Crime d'Amour!* Do not quarrel with your fate."

"I am not a novelist," murmured Anastase, staring after a rumbling yellow omnibus—"Auteuil Madeleine"—but never seeing it.

Monsieur Lalois made one more testy effort to save the lost. "Look here," he said, with supreme resolve, "it's twenty-seven years since I began this library. If you look down the lists and find that poetry hasn't been asked for twice during all that period, will you sit down, like a good boy, to-night, and try to write a story?"

"I am not a novelist," replied Amidon. "I thank you much for your kindness, Monsieur Lalois."

But Monsieur walked off in a huff, under cover of a considerate customer. Geniuses were always pig-headed and beggarly. He regretted his own condescension. He was much too kind. Yet he pitied his miserable assistant. "It is a calamity to be a genius," said M. Lalois.

Fortunately the disease is rare.

Anastase sat staring after the long-departed purchaser of a halfpenny pencil, softly humming to himself, amid the weary street's eternal hum:

"Bonheur qui passe!
Amour qui lasse!
Rien ne nous reste que notre douleur."

III.

"What is it, Anastase?" asked Célestine, as soon as she saw him that evening.

"Nothing, chérie."

"Ah, mon ami, since when do you think I am blind?" Her great eyes filled with reproach.

"Since you see the invisible," he answered, laughingly. "Where is the child?"

"Abed and awake. You are late."

"The 'patron' kept me. He made a great fuss because there was a sou wrong in the day's account. He is quite right. One should always be accurate in business." Anastase passed into the inner room. There were two rooms, and a cupboard which the Amidons believed to be a kitchen. It would have been cruel to undeceive them.

"The poor man," murmured Célestine, wistfully. "After supper I shall find out."

She was a child, barely twenty. And, despite hard work and privation, she was lovely, with all a French woman's charm of congruous simplicity, in the cheapest of black stuffs, that might have grown with her (it was old enough), and the palest of creamy complexions, and a pair of eyes like stars. She prayed faithfully to the Virgin in Heaven, but her life's saint was Anastase.

The two-year-old child sat up in her cot.

"Lina dodo," she stammered; then, with a tight squeeze of her eyes and a general wriggle: "Vierge Marie, Papa, Maman, Lina." She opened her eyes again. "Papa, jou-

jou?" she added, all in one breath. The nightly question followed the nightly prayer.

For, unwarrantable as it may appear, the father brought home a present every evening. Ah, there comes in the advantage of being a poet! When love has the pleasure-gardens of imagination to wander in, she need never return with empty hands. Scraps of colored paper from the shops, bits of tinsel or rag from the pavement, or even the dust-bin, these, carefully collected, his deft hand would convert into an endless procession of splendors. "A pair of scissors and a bottle of gum," he would say, "are equal to a purse and a toy shop." It was true, yet the child, in the midst of her delight, never confounded "a real paid present" with the beautiful "joujoux de Papa."

Amidon tucked in his little daughter, and went back to her whom he called "leur mère à eux deux."

"She is looking very pale," he said, "and so thin!"

Célestine put aside her work. "She will be better," said Célestine, bravely, "when the warm weather comes." And they sat down to their supper of "boudin," and that rough bread which, in Paris, is sold by the yard.

About food Anastase was fortunately more indifferent than is customary with poets. All meat and drink that his wife sat before him he designated "nectar and ambrosia." An old joke, when first made, and a sorry one, but it did brave service in that little household on many a meagre day.

She watched him tenderly, asking nothing, for she wanted to find out. He was restless over his interminable copy-books. The latest unfinished tragedy (Alexandrines, alas!) lay open before him, with Don Isaurio's patriotic tirade abruptly suspended where the poet's careful wife had blown out the lamp the night before. Once or twice he impulsively seized his pen and dipped it into the ink-bottle. "Mother of heroes, if thou bid me die," he murmured, "bid me die—;" he threw down the pen again, and kicked out his legs noisily, under the table. Célestine bent in frowningly reflective examination of a possible darn—hush; the deed may blossom with beautiful devotion, but neither Art nor Mrs. Grundy, for once in unison, will permit it to be mentioned here.

Anastase did not notice how she gazed at him, because her love was always being drawn towards his face. He was pale, like his wife and child, and he had the same black circles round his eyes. "Interesting-looking," the well-fed people called him. But the upward sweep of his glance was full of passion and strength, and that surrender in the moment of victory which no woman can resist.

"Lalois wants me to stop writing poetry," he burst out at last. "Imagine that! I am to abandon my mission and concoct feuilletons!"

"Is that all?" she asked, with a quick smile. "And since when do we attach importance to the opinions of Monsieur Lalois?"

"Ah, it is nonsense, is it not?" he exclaimed, eagerly. "Still, it vexes one. Imagine! To write what every one reads! The cooks and the cabmen!"

"Dreadful," she answered, pensively. "No, we will mock Monsieur Lalois. But you yourself, Anastase, have sometimes suggested trying the publishers with prose. What of your own idea?"

"My own idea," he cried, angrily, "is that I am a poet, a poet only, a poet by the grace of God. It is not arrogance to say that, for the gift is God's, not mine." He started up passionately. "Célestine, do not thou desert me. Let us have a little patience! Let us wait for the answer from Pinard. This time, perhaps, he will take the 'Chants de Bataille.' He ought to take them; they are beautiful."

"Ah, dearest, do not rely upon that!"

He did not heed her. "And from that height to 'Le Crime de la Rue Mogador,' to 'La Femme à Papa.' Célestine, I *will* not. Better hunger than dishonor. That is not my mission. Noblesse oblige."

"My child, did I ever deny it?"

"No, dearest, not through all these years. Célestine, you cannot accuse me of cowardice. I have never said, as Monsieur Lalois pretends, that I am ashamed of being a shopman. He lies. It is not a shame."

"No, indeed," she said, proudly. "Ah, but you are right. Yet it would be a shame wilfully to remain it, if you could rise to greater, I mean better, things. Truly you have a mission, my Anastase. Had we not believed that from the first, we should long ago have slept in peace, all three of us. But, my darling—oh, my darling—what avails a mission unfulfilled?"

He stopped in his angry walk, staring at her.

"Surely," she hurried on, with flaming cheeks, "to fulfil the mission, that must be your first, your only aim! Great thoughts can be uttered, great truths can be taught in prose—"

"I am a poet," he burst in wildly. "I cannot help it. I speak in verse."

She took up her work again, and for the next half-hour he paced in unbroken silence. Then, suddenly, with a passionate movement, he struck to the ground his pile of precious copy-books in a general scatter, and seizing a sheet of paper, began eagerly to write.

Célestine, peering stealthily across the table, perceived that the lines of manuscript ran on without a break.

And gradually the beggarly little room, bare of all but—in sooth!—the "barest" necessities, under the light of its vulgar paraffine lamp, became filled with the golden hope of morning, the rainbow splendors of birth and awakening. And the spirits of the beautiful, that sleep more lightly than you wot of, arose to make merry with music and dancing. All the air was bright with the sweetness of their coming; a thousand radiances shone round about them; a thousand flowers cast perfumes at their feet. There was rejoicing and singing unutterable; and yet, amid all the gladness and the glory, there was also the solemn triumph of a great effort greatly achieved. Célestine, in her quiet corner, at her humbler work, felt something also of this wondrous ecstasy of young creation, and bowed her head with bated breath.

For the Angel of Life—have I not already said it?—had stood at Amidon's cradle and blessed him where he lay. Do what he would, he was a poet.

IV.

There followed seven weeks of continuous waiting, from half-hour to half-hour. Great cities are bad places to expect an all-decisive letter in; the post comes round too often.

The manuscript, some twenty pages, had gone to the editor of an influential magazine. It had gone by post; for Amidon, brave as he was, lacked the courage to hawk his heart's blood in bottles from door to door. Monsieur Lalois was unamiably good to his incongruous assistant. "You are wrong-headed. Why do you not carve a career for yourself? Why do you not become a journalist—a reporter?" And the lazy days crawled up the slow length of the month, and down again on the other side.

Ceaselessly the postman hurried in and out along the noisy Grand'rue. Amidon would keep watching them and their delicious, bulgy bags, as the men stopped here and there down an unending line of "bonjours," and his eyes would dilate with envy of many a sleek shopkeeper that stood leisurely unfolding some insignificant note. His pride restrained him from waylaying the blue-coated officials, but he could not master his eyes. Once or twice, in the excess of hunger, he slipped down to the corner of his street, and watched number seventeen; but what was the use of that dangerous desertion of duty? Number seventeen was a swarming hive. There went by one kindly old white-head, to whom, in passing, he would sometimes put the never-sleeping question merely by a movement of the eyebrows, and the old man would answer through the dull shop window with an apologetic shrug beneath his heavy load.

But every evening brought the same leap of hope up the seven flights of staircase. He was young, he was vivacious; his life, like all poets', was the quiver of a nerve. And his wife would come out to meet him, and often, before either had spoken, there would be nothing left to ask or reply. Very rarely he stumbled across the crabbed old Concierge; on those occasions he could lag up the stairs, counting weeks and days. "But what will you with your eternal letter, Monsieur Amidon?" asked the woman. "Have you a rich aunt that is dying in the provinces?"

Spring was coming, and with it the poet's heart bourgeoned anew. In no city, except Rome, is spring as lovely as in Paris. From his dizzy little balcony, with the wakening freshness of his brow, he watched the few trees he could see of the Ranelagh go shimmering over, almost imperceptibly, into palest green. "Hope is ever slow of accomplishment," he thought, "but the child of her travail is success."

Oh, the sickening sickness of it all!

"Célestine," he said, "there is still a post. It will come to-night."

"Yes, mon ami," she answered, cheerfully. She did not add a kindly warning against disappointment. Ah, she was worthy to be a poet's wife.

"I am afraid of the answer," Anastase went on, "afraid he will refuse. And afraid he will accept."

Oh, pearl among women! Not knowing what to say, she said nothing.

"He will accept, perhaps, and pay — who knows? — as much as a hundred francs—five hundred. He will ask for more. We shall make money—look at the great romanciers; are they not millionaires?—and we shall write fast, fast, *for* the money, stories of hideousness, murder, adultery, in the newspapers of the boulevards. And perhaps—God forgive me—we shall 'catch the popular taste.'"

He paused, his hot eyes fixed on the spires of the Trocadéro, that pierced, serenely, the pale blue empyrean.

"Un rénegat," he whispered.

She leant against his arm, by the slender iron railing—all the curled and twisted monuments of stucco hideousness stopped at the third étage. A pot of pansies blossomed at her feet; the green-grocer had given it to the child. Before her mind's eye rose visions of glory and of grandeur. Anastase, member of an eminent literary club, walking along the boulevard (in a fur coat), on his way to a dinner with his illustrious brethren of the pen. Anastase, no longer alone with Monsieur Lalois, who knew nothing worth knowing, or with her, who knew nothing at all. And she saw herself driving in a victoria along the "Acacias"—oh, ideal of every Parisienne!—with Lina by her side.

"Ah no," she said. "Not like that. But why should it? In this, your first attempt, in 'Estrelle,' does not the right triumph in the woman's heart? It is a true lesson, and a good, all the stronger for lying hid. You will write many such stories in the future, beautiful and noble prose-poems that men will honor you for."

"God grant it," he said, solemnly. "Come, let us go in, lest the night air reach the child."

He had not returned to his tragedy since writing "Estrelle." He could do nothing but expect. And in his interminable pacings, he burst out once with, "Seven weeks yesterday!" and once with, "My two children!" She knew well enough what he meant. The pair whom he called, with bitter self-injury, "my child of paper and my child of rags." He seemed to have forgotten his poetry. Barely had he smiled a quiet little smile, when a boy from Pinard's had brought back the Songs of Life's Battle.

"A hundred francs!" remarked Célestine, looking up, in the long silence; "it would be splendid. You want summer clothes badly, most of us all."

"No, you most of all."

"Oh no, and the child has Madame Lalois' big pelisse."

"But I feel sure he will refuse," interrupted Anastase.

"And what then? He delays so long. Or do you think that means—" they both started. A knock at the door; in another moment the letter lay, torn open, on the table before them.

It was rather a long reply. The "director" of the *Revue* —— began by accepting "Estrelle," with courteous recognition of its author's talent, but the acceptance was conditional. "Up to the last few pages," the great man wrote, "you run on without a flaw, but there, at the end, comes your fatal mistake. Virtue triumphs, and your heroine is good, and prude, as a charity-school girl. That, for our public, is a little too—how shall I say?—unfresh. Consider—you whose literary taste is manifest—how much more 'seizing' would be the finale if you sent down Estrelle to her husband, guilty and smiling, as he! Besides, a woman, to repent in literature, must first have actually sinned. I have written at some length because of the interest I take in a confrère who is evidently a débutant of great promise. Will you have the story back to alter it, or will you leave the matter to me? It is only a couple of pages."

There was a postscript. "I should wish to offer you, for the use of your story, two hundred and fifty francs."

Amidon laid down the letter. Then he took it up again. He did not look towards his wife.

"It is everything," he said, at last, "and nothing. Beyond everything. And under all." She could not answer, in her tumult of proud disappointment and angry joy.

Never before had such a letter come, so personal, with such a kindly touch of sympathetic interest. And from so great an authority! The notes from the publishers, most badgered of human beings, had never contained anything but stereotyped refusals. Here was a man of letters who immediately recognized a kindred genius. Had she not always said that if but *once* her husband could look a brother in the face the voice of blood would speak! In her love of the new friend, in her anger against him, she knew not what to say or think.

Nearly three months' wages earned in one evening! There were three hundred and sixty-five evenings in the year—she descended to the needs of the moment: every present want of the little household could be amply supplied with two hundred and fifty francs. Suddenly Anastase turned upon her, almost brutally:

"One cannot prostitute his child."

V.

The manuscript came back with a brief but friendly note. The celebrity who still edits the *Revue* —— expressed regret and advised reconsideration. He is a good man. It was true that he had recognized a prince of the pen, and with a Frenchman's ready chivalry, he held out both hands to help him. But an editor's kindness must have its limits. Those limits are "the popular taste."

Amidon placed his first prose manuscript on the top of his pile of poetry. Then he went back to the shop. Célestine enjoyed him more than ever, but the child was ailing, and wanted beef and eggs. Almost, at last, Célestine had made up her mind to sell her mother's gold cross, but for the lingering superstition that the sale would bring ill luck.

She had enough ill luck already, you think. She would not have agreed with you. They still had each other, these three, and a mine of gold in their hearts. Moreover, Paris is Paris, even to the poorest, with young Spring let loose in his revels through the Bois de Boulogne and away across the river and the hills of St.-Cloud, while the sunlight spreads, daily broadening, over the boulevard awnings and the joyous flower stalls, over the Palais Royal diamonds, which only the few can buy, and the fairer diamonds of the Concorde fountains which God scatters for all alike.

On Sunday afternoons they would wander, the three of them, towards the adjacent Ranelagh, and, sometimes pushing across the park, amid a whirl of bright enjoyment, they would pause to see all the wealth of the world's capital come streaming endlessly past them down the Champs Élysées. "Ah qu'il fait bon de vivre!" the poet would say, as they trudged home to their "rus in urbe."

And how can you be unhappy if your husband loves Molière, and reads him out to you of evenings with such delicate appreciation of every twist and twinkle that he causes you to laugh till the tears run down your cheeks?

To silence Monsieur Lalois, Anastase had at last confessed his ill success. Monsieur Lalois was satisfied, and no longer talked of dismissal. He began to understand that Amidon was not a genius who had no business to be a shopman, but a shopman who had no business to be a genius.

It was about a week after the return of the manuscript that Amidon, coming home in the evening, his thoughts full of the tragedy, which was making good progress, and of that new song he must read to Célestine, caught a quick glance of unusual sympathy in the grumpy Concierge's swiftly averted eyes. He stopped in front of her loge. "What is the matter, Madame Turlipot?" he said.

"Matter? Nothing. Why do you ask?"

He rushed up stairs. Célestine hung over the banisters. She put up a warning finger, and he noticed that her eyes were red.

"Dieu!" he cried. "The child!"

"Hush," she answered, in a hard voice. "I sent for the doctor of the Rue Mozart. He says it is convulsions. He does not know what may happen. He cannot tell."

"Let me go to her," cried Anastase, pushing past, but his wife intercepted him.

"Not just yet. He has told me to wait outside. The sight of all faces, he says, for the moment, is bad."

"She is dead," he said, falling back a step so as to get a clear view of Célestine.

"No, no," she replied, with a sudden torrent of tears. "Not yet." She broke away from him, into the inner room.

He remained alone, standing stupidly against the window, staring into the calm heaven above. How long he stood there, he could never tell. "An eternity," he says. It was not half an hour.

Nor has he any distinct recollection of what he thought about during that immeasurable period.

Only he remembers that the refrain of his own music beat wearily against his brain:

"Mais dans la vie
Qui pleure prie.
Tout ce qui prie a des larmes au cœur."

He sank down upon his knees by the window, and hid his face in his hands.

Presently they came in together, his wife and the doctor. The doctor was a hearty man, clever, and a little rough, with sensual, contented face.

"Well, the child is better for the moment," he said. "I fancy she will remain so. I do not think the convulsions will repeat themselves."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the father, looking up.

"We must see! We must see!" continued the man of medicine, quickly. "I promise nothing. Especially if things are to continue like this. As I was saying to Madame, my dear man, where have your eyes been? The little one is of delicate constitution. She must be strengthened in every possible way. She must have nourishing foods, and of the best. And, when the warm weather comes, you must take her away to some place where the air is bracing. The sea would be best. The sea might do wonders for her, but that, I suppose, is impossible?" He paused and looked from one to the other, in the act of buttoning his coat.

"We are very poor, monsieur," said Célestine, simply.

The doctor shrugged his substantial shoulders. "I can but say what I see," he replied. "You know what to do in case of another attack. Bonsoir, Madame." And, having adjusted the last button of his coat, he went his way.

Husband and wife did not speak to each other for some time after they were left alone. Célestine busied herself with this thing and that. Anastase paid no attention to her.

She passed softly from time to time into the bedroom. He did not turn his head. He had not asked to see the child.

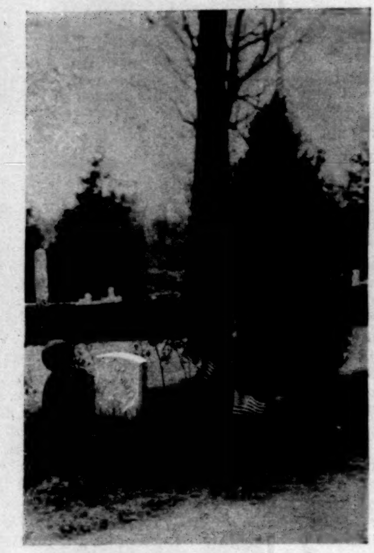
Presently, on returning from one of these visits, she found that he had shifted his position. He was sitting now by the table, with a bundle of papers in front of him. She recognized the bundle at a glance.

He pushed it away from him, across to her, nervously, without looking up.

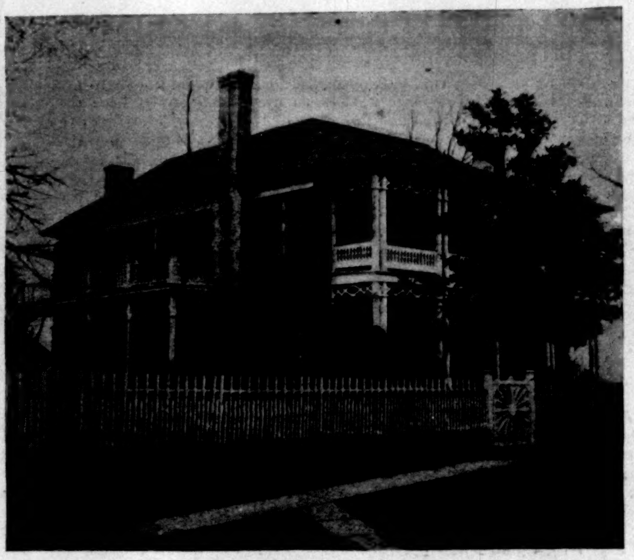
"Take it," he said, in a whisper. "Send it. But to-night. And tell *him* to do it. One life for another. It is just."

She took the papers in her hand, without a word, and, holding them tightly clinched against her breast, she went away into the inner room. To the child.

She had carried the lamp in yonder. They had only one. And he remained sitting by the table, with his face sunk forward upon both his hands. In the dark.

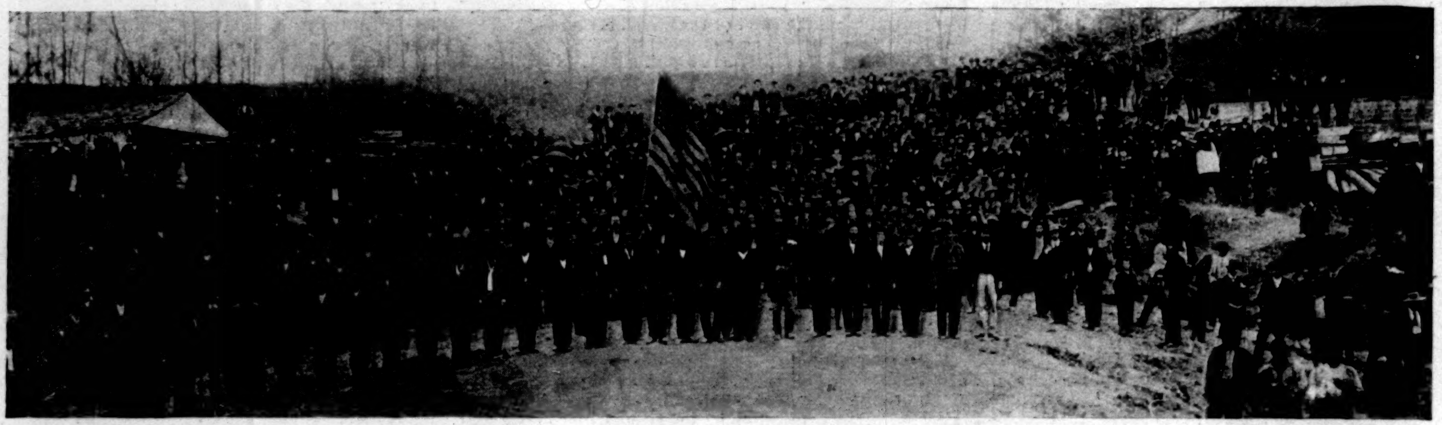


THE GRAVE OF "THE DRUMMER-BOY OF SHILOH."

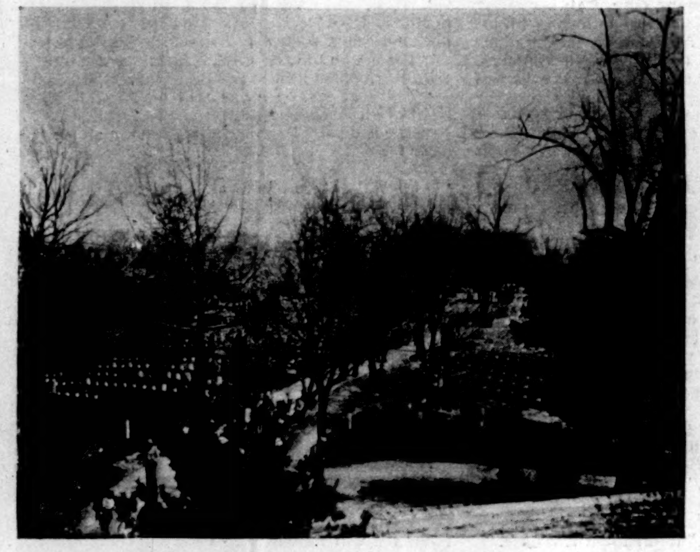


GENERAL GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT SAVANNAH, TENNESSEE.

CEDAR-TREE MARKING THE SPOT WHERE GENERAL JOHNSON DIED.



THE BLUE AND THE GRAY UNDER ONE FLAG.



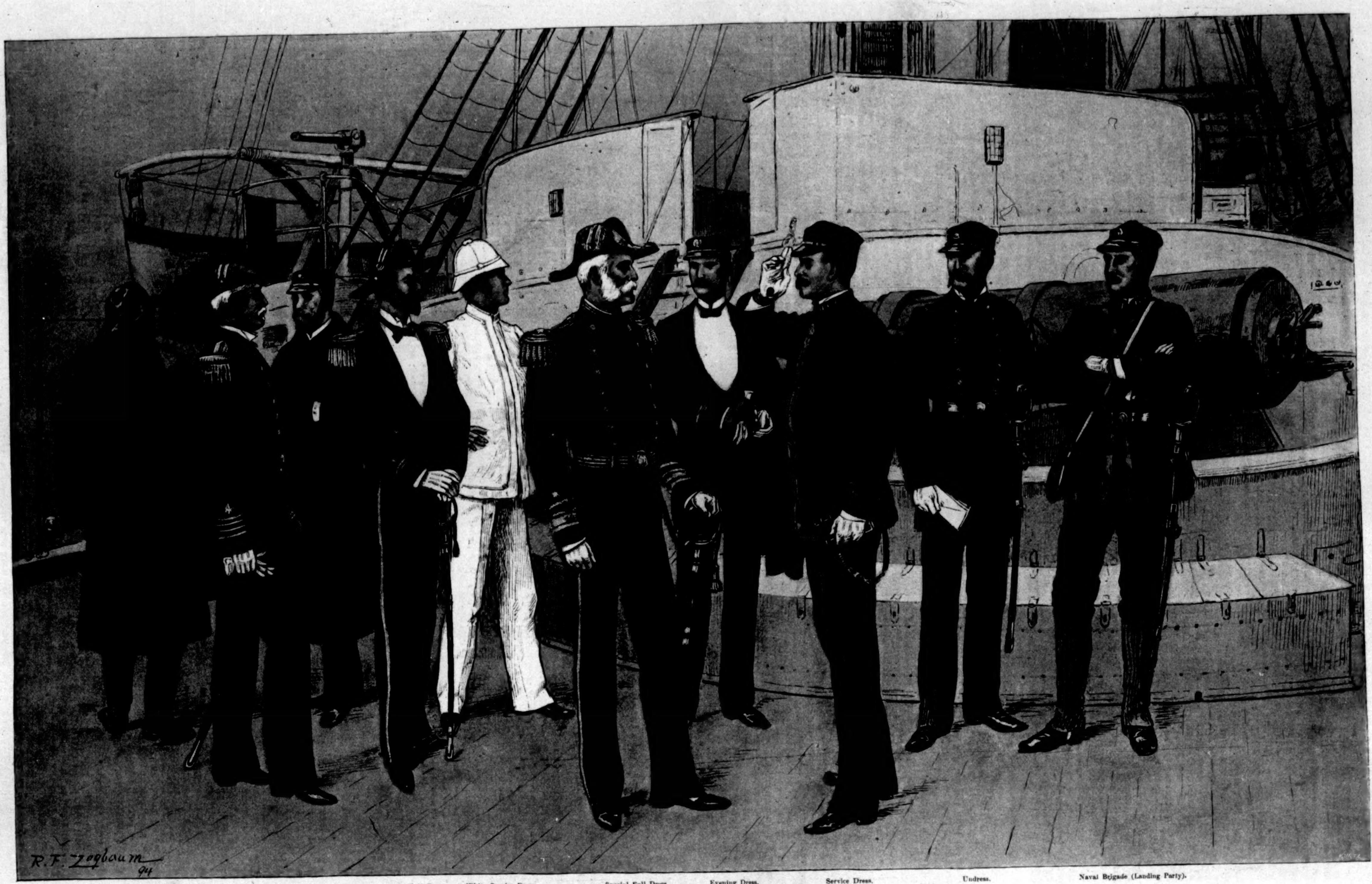
THE NATIONAL CEMETERY, PITTSBURG LANDING.

THE OLD SHILOH SPRING NEAR THE CHURCH.

THE "HORNETS' NEST."

GENERAL LEW. WALLACE SPEAKING.

THE RECENT REUNION OF UNION AND CONFEDERATE VETERANS ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF SHILOH.—[SEE PAGE 382.]


R. F. Zogbaum 94
Rain Dress.
Dress.
Winter Dress.
Full Dress.
White Service Dress.
Special Full Dress.
Evening Dress.
Service Dress.
Undress.
Naval Brigade (Landing Party).

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS, UNITED STATES NAVY.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 367.]

AMATEVR · SPORT

A SPORTING PILGRIMAGE.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

I.

I KNOW I shall be exposing myself to a charge of triteness when I proclaim, what we all know, that the average Englishman is an athlete, the English nation an athletic one, and its men and women more generally and thoroughly interested in sport of all kinds than those of any other nation on the globe. But one must take a trip to England, and watch the native at play on his own soil, and study his methods and traditions, and marvel at the completeness with which every opportunity is developed, to fully appreciate the extraordinary interest shown and the widespread activity taken in every branch of sport.

When I first came to London, and struggled to keep comfortably warm by the feeble heat of the tiny grates that are indigenous to the country, I thought I had discovered whence came this athletic predilection.

It seemed to me, as I sat at my writing-table wrapped in a steamer rug in a desperate and chilly endeavor to thaw out the Muse, that the Englishman must, in self-defence, seek exercise of some kind to keep warm. At this writing, however, I acknowledge my first impressions to have been libellous (especially as I have now secured an oil stove), and that the Englishman is an athlete because it is bred in the bone, and because he inhales a sporting atmosphere from the very day he is old enough to dribble an association football.

One hardly knows where to begin, or of what to talk first. If you come here during the height of the football season, you are immediately convinced that the one great absorbing game of all England is football; and later, when rowing and cricket are on, you persuade yourself that these in turn must be the national sports. And so it is—*every* sport is the national one while its season lasts. I have been trying since my arrival to determine upon the particular one that might be called the national pastime, but I have not up to date succeeded—not even when I take cricket into consideration. There undoubtedly was a day, and only a few years ago, when cricket might have been called the national game; but my investigations do not show it to have that distinction now, though certainly its popularity has not waned.

It is a sporting nation, from "me lord" who follows the hounds to the very costermonger who races his whippets—a survival, by-the-bye, of a sport at the time of the Stuarts. Lately whippet racing has taken on a more important aspect, and grown to be something beyond a race between costermonger dogs run on a course down a lane of spectators with the masters standing at the finish. There has been—is, indeed—a movement to make it more fashionable, and under the presidency of Sir John Astley, the National Whippet Racing Club has recently been founded, and an effort is to be made to inaugurate regular whippet-race meetings. Heretofore the whippet has been the particular sport of rather a different class.

The American sportsman marvels at this enormous general participation in all sports, just as he stares in wonderment at the pheasants he may see feeding in fields as peacefully as barn fowls—and quite as indifferent to the surroundings—or plentifully stocking the poulterer's shops in London, or, if he happens to hail from New York, as he is nonplussed at violets for one penny (two cents) a bunch, offered him for purchase along Piccadilly.

Every Englishman seems to move in an atmosphere of sport. Even the very drivers of the stages, that ramify London most conveniently, economically, and quickly, throw their whip with a sportsman's air, and handle the reins with a skill altogether superior to any similar class of drivers I have ever seen. And what a good type of horse they drive! Would that our own Fifth Avenue Stage Company could be induced to do likewise!

The London papers teem with fixtures of sports of all kinds—swimming, football, athletics, lacrosse, hunting, steeple-chasing, boxing, racquets, tennis, single-stick, fencing, hockey, rabbit-coursing, water polo, ice and roller skating, dog shows, cattle shows, horse shows, even cat shows (with six hundred entries), to say nothing of fairs and other such provincial shows, with which we are somewhat familiar in our own country. The horse shows are not confined to London, nor are the dog shows; they are held in different sections of the country at different times throughout the year, and in winter the several shires (counties) send the pick of their stock to the representative shows that are given in London. In the last few weeks, for instance, there have been held hackney, shire, and hunter shows, in which the best from the shires of Great Britain were represented.

It seems as if every animal and every tree in this country had some one to care for it; and the success of these shows (for they are very successful) and the enormous general activity in all sport impress me as though arising from the wholesome competition between counties, which brings almost every man in touch and a worker for the common betterment. To me the most interesting part of my study has been the types of people I have seen as participants and spectators at all these different sports. Not only do "the people" have their own sports, but one finds them at practically all those of the gentry. If you go to a meeting of the stag or fox hounds you will see—I was almost going to say hundreds—certainly scores of people on foot as keen for the sport as those on horseback. You will not only see them at the throw-off, but you will find them following the chase, and I have counted them in at the death. This, I may add, is much more common in stag-hunting than in fox-hunting, where the configuration of the country makes it feasible. You will discover them, where opportunity affords, on the golf links watching the play; you will see them around the rings of the horse shows, as keenly observant of the judges' decision as the master-horseman. You will see them at the university athletic sports, on the banks of the Isis and of the Cam, at Oxford and Cambridge, joining in the general enthusiasm of the boat-racing, and at Putney they will blacken the banks of the Thames in front of the club-houses of the two 'varsity crews, waiting for the boats to be launched, and standing for hours watching the practice. It goes without saying that you will find them in unlimited numbers at the football, and even at the cricket matches, which draw a larger number of the gentry than probably any other of the English sports, except the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race on the Thames.

I think the character of spectators at the horse shows impressed me most, because it is not the mere spectacle of a football match or boat-race, and requires a certain love of the animal and a knowledge of his good or bad points to draw, and I thought I could detect in this keen interest among all classes that which has given this "little England" such an honorable place in horse-breeding. It is after witnessing this general outpouring of all sorts and conditions of men that one begins to understand why it is England stands so pre-eminently a sporting nation.

Moreover, this interest of the people is fostered by all English sportsmen; by the hunts, the universities, and by all sporting clubs. Every opportunity is taken to encourage their attendance. You may even read in your London morning paper, while the crews are at Putney for their final work, the precise hour that each will take its daily practice on the Thames. There is no sport out-of-doors, so far as I have been able to discover, where the people are not welcome, and there are no spectators more enthusiastic in their support or more interested in seeing the best man win.

Maybe I can give no better illustration of this universal participation in sport than to say that in the town of Oxford, which has a population of about 50,000, there are sixteen football clubs, exclusive of the university teams, and that in Oxfordshire (*i. e.*, the town and county), which has, I think, about as many inhabitants as New Haven, the site of Yale, there are upwards of one hundred teams that play football regularly throughout the season. Of course it is to be supposed that the interest about Oxford would be keener than elsewhere, but the illustration is a fair one, and a comparison with New Haven, which supports but very few football teams outside of the university, quite in order. The number of football-players in England is legion. I have endeavored to form some accurate estimate of that number, but am unable to get results in time for these articles. However, I should say that it would compare favorably with the total number of players we have in the entire United States, though I should be much surprised to learn, as an English football enthusiast claimed to me, that there were quite as many. One reads, by-the-way, of no silly and ignorantly based objections (such as our papers were filled with last winter) to football in England, which is not explained by the game not being so hard nor so "brutal," because the accidents far outnumber those with us, but because the nation knows it is good for the coming generation, and the "disturbing brother" is a novelty.

Another illustration of the widespread popularity of athletics is furnished by the association of restaurant waiters in London, which, although hardly amateur (as, indeed, may be said of athletics generally in England outside of the colleges and a very few clubs, but of this I will talk in a later paper), nevertheless emphasizes what I am endeavoring to tell the American public of the universal sporting spirit in England. Indeed, how strong this spirit is even the advertisement columns of the London press bespeak, for one reads of some very curious matches, which the following, quoted verbatim, will go to prove:

> "MR. FURNISS will sing a linnet against a linnet, one in the month, an home-and-home race, for £2 a side. A match can be made by calling at the Elephant and Castle, Orchard Street, Westminster, any evening after eight P.M."

It is hardly necessary to say that every branch of sport is filled to overflowing, and naturally the papers cater to the public taste by giving unlimited space to each in season. You will find a column and a half of hunting-fixtures, and an entire page of a daily sporting paper completely taken up with brief accounts of football matches. There is something going on all the time, winter and summer. Those who cannot or care not to ride to hounds follow the beagles on foot or the otter-hounds, of which there are a number of packs in the country, or attend the military tournaments in London, where they see the most skilful lemon-cutting, tent-pegging, fencing, single-stick play, bareback wrestling, and other feats common to such entertainments. Even lacrosse, one of the very few American games that were not cradled in England, flourishes, I am sorry to say (sorry for our sportsmanship, though glad for the sake of a grand game), more than it does in the United States. There are a number of county teams, and a regularly instituted championship. Baseball, too, which has been called our national sport, is struggling for an existence. It may not be said to have actually "caught on" in England, but there is an earnest attempt to introduce it among the professional association football clubs, the scheme being, I believe, to enable the club-managers to come out nearer even, pecuniarily speaking, by keeping their players remunerative in summer, after the football season is over and "gates" are of the past. But it has not developed into anything tangible. The game seems to have done better among the amateurs, where it has been attempted. Three or four years ago there was not an amateur club in all England, but last year a score or more competed for senior and junior trophies, and immediately about London are now some half-dozen that are entered for the local supremacy contest in the coming season. Still, the game is not played by the best class, nor, in most instances, by even a good class, of athletes.

It goes without saying that the bicycle is quite as popular in England as it is with us, and I may add that in racing circles the amateur standing of the men is even more questionable, if that be possible. As with us, the manufacturer's hireling has professionalized the sport from end to end of Great Britain, and driven out of active competition (outside of the colleges) *bona fide* amateurs. The present condition of bicycling, indeed, is deplorable, and the Cyclists' Union seems not only to be unable to cleanse it, but, worse to relate, has recently passed a resolution which puts them on record as inclined to favor it.

Track athletes in England are without number, but here again, although not so bad as cycling, chiefly because the Amateur Athletic Association has some very earnest workers—prominent among whom I may mention with pleasure the Honorable Secretary, Charles Herbert—and does make a pretence and does honestly strive to keep the sport clean, the condition none the less is reprehensible to the last degree.

Book-makers at athletic meetings are all too common, and "sharp" practices that go even so far as "roping," selling races, and running men "to order" are prevalent at nearly all the meetings. Outside of the universities and a very few clubs—so few as to be counted on the fingers of one hand—one may say there is no honest amateur athletics in all of England. Certainly a disgrace to a nation of such sporting proclivities.

Although our athletic condition, outside of the colleges, is not all that we should like to have it, yet there is much to be thankful for that we have not reached this last step of athletic degradation.

It is gratifying to note in this sweeping denunciation of English track athletics that the Scottish Amateur Athletic Association has been making strenuous efforts to cleanse its ranks, and recently passed some rules to the point, among which is one "that the payment by clubs, to competitors, of travelling, hotel, and other expenses is strictly prohibited." I may add that this expense question is one of the loop-holes through which so much wrong is done to honest sport in Great Britain. It will amuse American athletes to read that this Association has just advanced to the modern methods long in vogue with us by passing a rule, referring to the broad jumps, that "any competitor touching the pit in front of the taking-off mark shall have such jump disallowed."

Cross-country running likewise flourishes in England, as may be understood when I say that at the Junior championships which I attended near London, although the rain came down in torrents throughout the entire afternoon, and the going was extremely heavy, upwards of 150 competitors started, of whom about 130 finished, and some 2000 spectators watched the run to the end. Here, too, the amateur condition is quite as bad as in the track athletics. Summing it up, I am grieved to record that the proportion of honest athletes and *bona fide* amateur clubs, apart from the universities, is exceedingly small. Of this, however, more anon, in a later paper. It may be opportune to remark, in passing on, the exceedingly low entrance fee to all games, which is, of course, answerable to a certain extent for their wide popularity. The charge is a shilling (25 cents), and probably sixpence (12 cents) more, or two shillings at most, to the reserved enclosure. The same applies to the university games, and likewise to these winter horse shows, where a shilling is the entrance fee, and sixpence buys your catalogue.

I have already spoken of the great numbers that play football throughout Great Britain, and it is too bad to spoil the good effect of the picture by adding that a somewhat similar condition exists in football circles, so far as concerns the amateur status, as in athletics.

Professionalism infests the grand game from the north to the south, from sea to sea. Association football is openly professional in some sections, and there are regularly recognized professional leagues, like our baseball. But there are innumerable clubs that while posing as amateurs are far from being so. Indeed, the professional taint runs through Association football in every place where it is played. Outside of the universities there are but few club teams that are honestly amateur. Rugby Union is not in so bad a way, though the pro-amateur abounds and is increasing. There are undoubtedly more genuine amateur Rugby Club teams than Association, but the difference in condition is not pronounced enough to be very hopeful.

Of steeple-chasing, generally speaking, I can only say now—before treating it more fully later—that its present condition is scandalous, beside which our flat-racing seems pure and undefiled.

I have not touched on sport with rod and gun, chiefly because I have seen none of it, my visit to England not being in the season. It is difficult for me, however, after moving in the atmosphere of this great sporting nation, to reconcile with other impressions the Englishman's pheasant and grouse driving, where hundreds of birds are slaughtered, and the size of the bag counts for so much. The American sportsman, who declines to shoot a doe and is satisfied when his bag is large enough to furnish a bird to his own table and to a few of his friends, finds it hard to bring himself in touch with this side of the British sportsman.

Probably it is a degree of refinement in sport we have not yet attained, nor, if I know the American sportsman (I exclude those few who jack and hound deer), are we likely ever to attain it. It goes without saying that there is a certain skill in bringing down every rocketing pheasant that comes within reach of your gun, or every hard-going grouse on which you pull trigger, but sitting behind battues and having your game driven to you seems rather uninteresting sport from an American point of view.

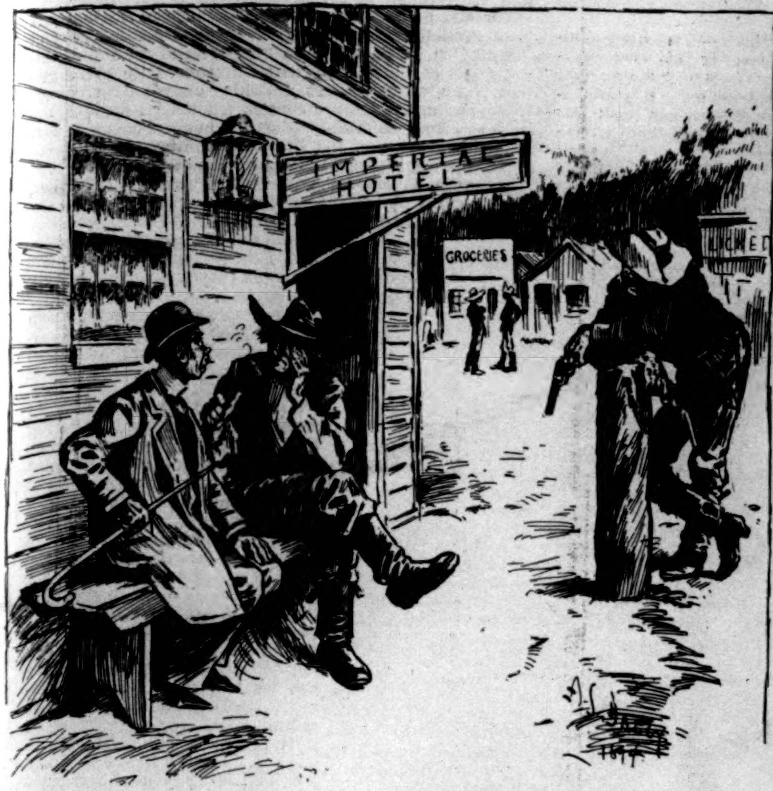
I cannot lay down my pen without commenting on an exhibition of yacht models and of canoes and small sailing-craft that I had the good fortune to see in London. I want particularly to dwell on it because it seems to offer a suggestion to American yacht and canoe men that is well worth considering. As I have intimated already in this article, the great secret, it seems to me, of the universal interest in all kinds of sport in England is the publicity of it all, the opportunity every man who likes has of being a spectator, if not a participant—the taking of the public into confidence, as it were, by the sportsman. It goes without saying that if you wish to excite interest in anything, whether it is sport or what not, the surest way of doing so is to exploit it before the people, and one cannot realize just how many different kinds and classes you interest until the experiment has been made.

Here at this show in London, for instance, I saw all classes of yachtsmen, from those owning a racing 80-footer or a sea-going steam-yacht down to the very waterman who plies his trade on the Thames, to say nothing of the crowds of landsmen.

There seems no good reason why our yacht clubs—the New York, the Larchmont, the Eastern, the Seawanhaka-Corinthian, and others—should not unite and give an exhibition of models every winter in New York. There seems less reason why our canoe clubs, of which we have so many, should not join forces with the yacht clubs, and include their display in one general and certainly very interesting exhibition. Aside from the pleasure it would give yachtsmen, there can be no question that it would create a more general yachting spirit among our people; and that, it appears to me, is worth trying for.

Referring again to this London show, it will be hardly necessary to comment on the English yacht lines, of which there were models of almost every type, for we have been made pretty familiar with these by our international contests. Of the cruising canoes, as well as the small sailing-craft, however, I may say in passing that they seem generally to have much fuller lines than ours, and to be much more heavily constructed. This style of craft, I understand, is necessary for some of the water on which the sailing is done, but it hardly applies to the Thames. The exhibition of racing-canoes was meagre, but these few showed that the English designers could study our models with profit. The sail area, too, of those exhibited was very much smaller, comparatively speaking, than what we are accustomed to see. Some "Canadian" canoes exhibited were hardly up to what we see in that country of canoemen, and were more than likely built in England.

The most interesting feature of the canoe exhibition was a style of craft which was put down on the catalogue as a canoe-yawl. They are built for river and estuary sailing, and the one I particularly studied was about 18 feet long by 4½ feet beam—certainly a most stanch-looking little affair, but fitted with much less sail than it seemed it should be



IN COWBOYTON, ARIZONA.

OLD SETTLER. "What ye want to do, young man, is to go and pick a quarrel with that fellow."
CHOLLIE. "Aw—I say—me? I-I-d-don't want to qwarrwel, you know."
OLD SETTLER. "Waal, do as ye please; but I tell ye, ef ye don't pick a quarrel with Arizona Jones he'll thrash the life out of ye."

able to carry. These yawls are built also for sea-going purposes, and are used considerably as tenders on sailing yachts of over 80 tons, when they are built about 20 feet water-line level by 5 feet beam. Just at the time I am writing the Royal Canoe Club is busy considering a change of their rules regarding the modelling and constructing of racing-canoes. The bulb keel has appeared over here, and there seems to be a general tendency, as there is with us, to keep from building mere racing-machines. Incidentally I find English yachtsmen do not quite understand why none of our last year cup-defenders will come out against the *Valkyrie*, should she appear in our racing season the coming summer. Neither do I.

There has been no intention in this preliminary to my articles on English amateur sport to enter into details. My object is to give simply an idea of how universally Englishmen go in for sports of all kinds. I shall attempt in subsequent articles to group and deal with the different sports at length.

HERALDS.

WITHIN the eastern skies a purple ray
Proclaims the coming of the perfect day:
So purple buds which dot the rolling lawn
Make us aware of royal spring-time's dawn.

F. S. M.

THE COLONY FOR EPILEPTICS.

IT is to be hoped that when the New York State legislators reach Assembly bill No. 891 they will pass it promptly. If they do, it will become a law, for the Governor, who vetoed a similar bill last year, will sign this one if it passes as it stands. The bill is entitled "An Act to establish an Epileptic Colony," to wit, the Craig colony for epileptics in Livingston County. It provides for an expenditure of $140,000 for the purchase and improvement of the Sonyea property in the Genesee Valley—1800 acres of land, and many buildings well suited to the use intended—to be a colony for the care, education, employment, and medical treatment of epileptics. A commission of the State Board of Charities, of which the late Oscar Craig was chairman, selected the Sonyea property last year as the best obtainable for the purpose. The price then asked ($125,000) was thought to be low. It has since been reduced by ten thousand dollars, and is a better bargain than ever. The need of a suitable home for the epileptics of the State, where they can find employment and proper care, has been repeatedly dwelt upon in the WEEKLY. Hundreds of indigent epileptics, now in the poorhouses of the State, are verging toward insanity and helplessness, whereas under proper conditions their malady can be restricted and perhaps abated, and they may become contented, industrious, and even self-supporting in spite of their affliction.

As a bill very similar to the present one passed the State Legislature last year, it is to be confidently expected that the present bill will also be passed. In drafting it, the objections on which the Governor's veto was based last year have been met; and as it stands it represents the results of long-continued and disinterested labor in behalf of an unfortunate class whose present state is very pitiable. The more it is looked into, the more fit it will appear to become a law.

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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"VIN MARIANI" is well adapted for children and persons in delicate health, and for convalescents, as it sustains life for a long period, and nourishes without any other food or drink, and, above all, having that great advantage and superiority over all so-called tonics, that it essentially strengthens, and may be taken for any length of time without any fear of inflammation, or injury to the gastric juices, and never causing constipation; on the contrary, it aids digestion and assimilation, removes fatigue, and improves the appetite.

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and don't worry the baby: avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. Nature intended infants should be raised on milk. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the safest solution of the problem.—[*Adv.*]

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ST. LOUIS, MO.,
Brewers of FINE BEER Exclusively.
In Buying MALT AND HOPS For Their BREW.
FOR SALE AT ALL FINE GROCERY AND DRUG STORES.

CHARLES A. BOUTELLE.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

Conspicuously, one of the public men who have for many years in national affairs conferred attractive distinction upon the State of Maine, is Charles A. Boutelle. His wholesome personality is engaging, and in the breezy dash and steady glow of his energies appear his inheritance of seamanship, and the characteristics of his ocean education, that laid the foundation for his varied, arduous, and brilliant career. He has served in and for the navy in war and peace, fighting the battles of his country as a naval officer, promoted to a lieutenancy—as far as a volunteer could go—for "gallant conduct [in handling the United States steamer *Sassacus*] in the engagement with the rebel ram *Albemarle*," and as a member of Congress, foremost in the creation of the new navy, bringing to the task a rare practical intelligence that was invaluable.

Charles A. Boutelle, son of a New England sea-captain, was born at Damariscotta, Maine, February 9, 1839. He attended public school and Yarmouth Academy, and then followed the sea, as his father had done, instead of going to college. He was a volunteer in the naval service early in 1862, and assigned to the *Paul Jones*, of the South Atlantic Squadron, taking part in the blockade of Charleston, and commanding a howitzer battery at St. John's Bluff. He was navigator and ordnance officer of the *Sassacus* in the desperate engagement with the *Albemarle*—an incident of celebrity in coast operations. Lieutenant-Commander Roe recommended him for the promotion he got, saying he was "as cool and fearless in battle as in general exercise." The advance to the highest grade open to volunteers was made three weeks after the engagement.* In 1865, at the age of twenty-six, Lieutenant Boutelle was placed in command of a division of vessels occupying Mississippi Sound. He had volunteered from the Louisiana service for what turned out to be the famous attack on Mobile, and his vessel was first to break through the obstructions in the channel. When the war was over he commanded a steamer running between Wilmington and New York, and was engaged for a time with a shipping commission-house in New York city. In 1863, while on brief furlough, he met and afterwards became affianced to one of Maine's loveliest daughters, whose father, Adjutant-General John L. Hodsdon, organized the military forces of the State throughout the war, and she waited for him until he had completed his service to his country, when they were married, in May, 1866. He has always regarded this union as the greatest blessing of his life, the chief enjoyments of which have been found in the domestic circle, and the one overwhelming sorrow came with the sudden death of his beautiful and devoted wife in 1892, after twenty-six years of ideal companionship. The death of Mrs. Boutelle occurred suddenly, June 28, at their home in Bangor, where he continues to reside with his three daughters, Grace, Elizabeth, and Anne. Having a strong inclination toward political journalism, it was by Mr. Blaine's advice that he made, without previous newspaper experience, the venture of assuming, in 1870, the editorship of a daily paper, the Bangor *Whig and Courier*. The paper steadily assumed more and more positive leadership in Republican politics in that section, and became widely known. Mr. Boutelle's intimacy with and ardent friendship and admiration for Mr. Blaine were never interrupted until the death of the great leader. His first nomination for Congress, just ten years after he assumed editorship of the *Whig*, was due to his prominence in exposing and defeating what was known as the Garcelon count-out conspiracy of 1879-80, and while there was nearly 3000 adverse majority in the district at the previous election, he lacked only 855 of election.

He has had the singular fortune of having been nominated for Congress seven times in the largest and most populous district in Maine without ever having a vote cast against him in convention. Mr. Boutelle was a district delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1876; was president of the Maine Blaine Club at the National Convention in 1880; represented Maine on the Republican National Committee at the National Convention of 1884, that nominated Blaine and Logan; was delegate at large and chairman of the Maine delegation in the Republican National Convention in 1888, to which he read the cablegrams from Mr. Blaine refusing the use of his name as a candidate, and was a member of the Republican State Committee of Maine from 1875 to 1882. Throughout his career as a Congressman and national politician he has continued his connection with the Bangor paper, and in a general sense his control of its columns. In the Congresses from the Forty-eighth to the present he has been the leading Republican member of the Committee on Naval Affairs, and its chairman during the Fifty-first Congress, in which he drafted and secured the passage of the laws providing for the first three modern battle-ships of the new navy, and for the commerce-destroyers *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*, designed to be the fastest on the seas. He has also been the active champion of the policy that has resulted in the establishment of the great steel-armor and gun-forging plants at Bethlehem, Midvale, and Homestead, the equipment of the unequalled gun-factory at Washington, D. C., and the development of the ship-building works at Philadelphia, San Francisco, Bath, and Newport News, where modern war-ships unexcelled in power, speed, and armament are constructed upon American designs and from materials produced in our own country. Mr. Boutelle's service on the Naval Committee of the House covers the whole period of construction of the new navy.

When he became a member of Congress, in December, 1883, we had no modern steel war-ship afloat. Secretary Chandler had contracted with John Roach for the construction of the *Chicago*, *Atlanta*, *Boston*, and *Dolphin*, aggregating 11,363 tons, and they were begun in July of that year.

We have already in commission about 70,000 tons of modern war-ships of the finest type, and when the vessels now under construction are completed, in the fall of 1896, we shall have a modern navy of more than 180,000 tons, embracing four first-class and two second-class battle-ships, believed to be the most powerful in the world, six armored coast-defence ships of the Monitor type, one ram, and twenty-seven cruisers, including two of the most powerful armored cruisers afloat, and the two fastest cruisers. Our navy will be seventh in size, and first class in fighting qualities. This accomplishment within the period of a dozen years is remarkable in view of the fact that when we began we had to buy armor, gun-metal, shafting, and other material abroad, while now every ounce of it is produced and fashioned on our soil. In 1886 it was seriously proposed to buy naval engines abroad, on the ground that we could not produce them at home. To-day our naval engineers have set the pace for the world. The evolution in marine engineering has been a marvel.

The *Powhatan*, deemed a fine war-steamer in her day, was built in 1850, and was in commission when the new navy was begun. Her speed was less than twelve knots. The *Columbia*, which has made 22.80 knots, carries more than ten times the boiler pressure of the *Powhatan*, with engines turning more than eight times as fast, driving three screws instead of paddle-wheels, developing eighteen times as much power, and driving a ship more than twice the size at twice the speed, and does it with machinery of little more than one-fourth as much weight and space per indicated horse-power. The ordnance development is equally striking, from the cast-iron nine and eleven inch and fifteen-inch smooth-bore guns of the war period to the high-power steel rifles weighing more than sixty tons, and throwing enormous projectiles more than ten miles.

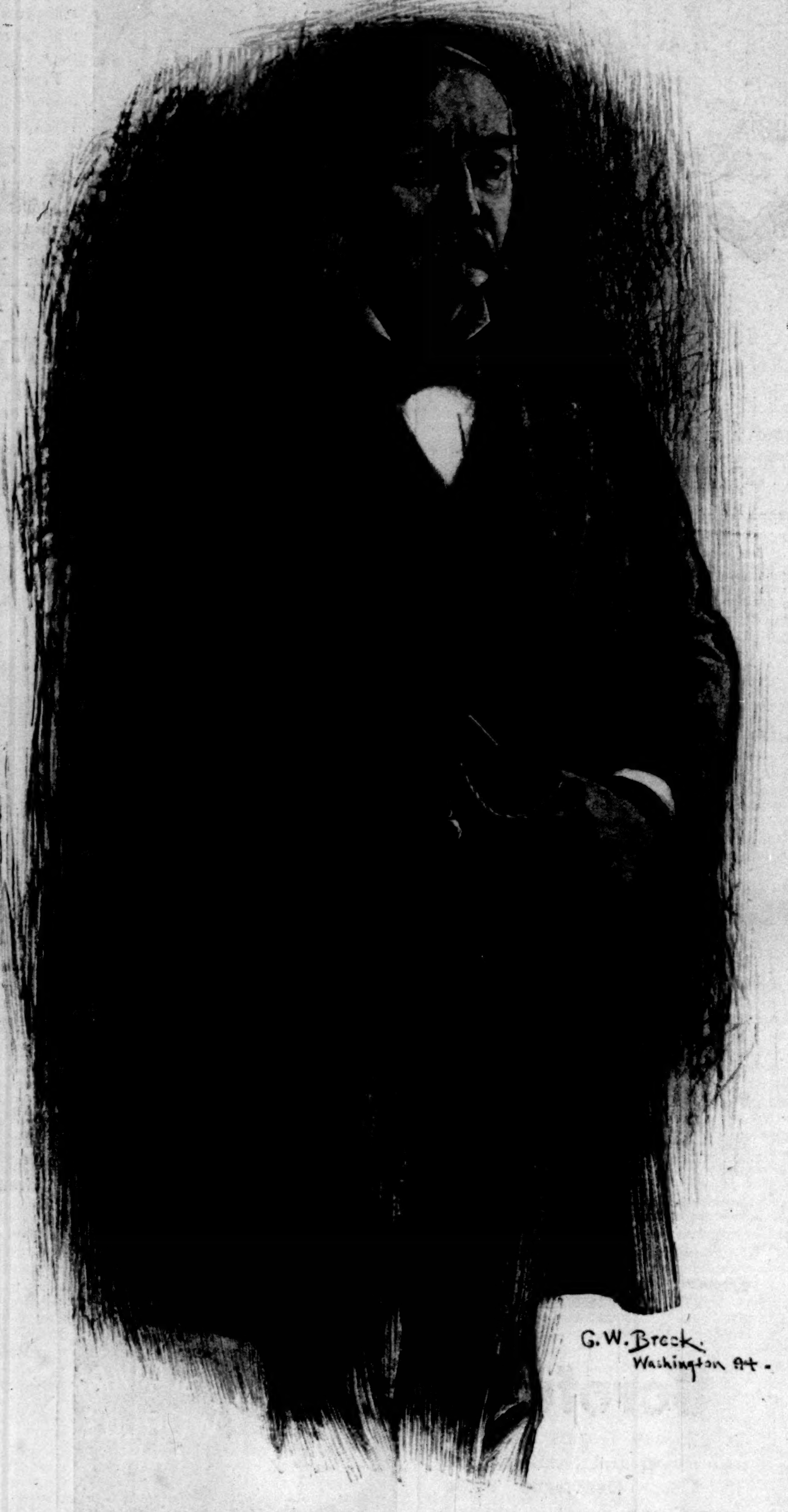
Protesting on the floor of the House against the proposal to buy naval engines abroad, Mr. Boutelle said,

"I believe that the bureaux of our Navy Department are capable to-day of furnishing as fine models and excellent designs for the hulls, engines, and armament of modern war-ships as can be produced anywhere under the sun."

In less than seven years he had the satisfaction of seeing this declaration vindicated by the finest and fastest war-ships at sea, and Bethlehem, Midvale, and the Washington gun-factories rank with the best. Insisting upon the use of American productions in war-ship building, Mr. Boutelle, in July, 1886, said:

"I regard as one of the primarily important features the re-establishment in this country of the machinery and plant and the hammers that are necessary to furnish the material out of which the navy can be constructed. The establishment of a navy for a nation like ours is not accomplished when we have simply obtained ships. We want to have the ability here to construct ships. That is of infinitely more importance than the question of whether we shall have a few ships at this time."

It is estimated that the new navy now completed and authorized will have cost, when work now in hand is completed in 1896, about $60,000,000 for the twelve or thirteen years' period of construction, of which almost $27,000,000 was applied in the two years of the Fifty-first Congress, which also authorized the three first-class battle-ships and the two fastest cruisers. The use of the nickel and Harveying process of hardening armor was introduced by Commodore Folger while Boutelle headed the Naval Committee, and a remarkable incident was that the chairman, Boutelle, obtained, after the passage of the regular appropriation of over $30,000,000 for the navy, the unanimous passage of a joint resolution giving the Secretary $1,000,000 to secure a supply of nickel ore—this on his simple word that the committee agreed on its importance. It is not too much to say that Mr. Boutelle's



THE HON. CHARLES ADDISON BOUTELLE, OF MAINE.

Drawn from Life by George W. Breck.

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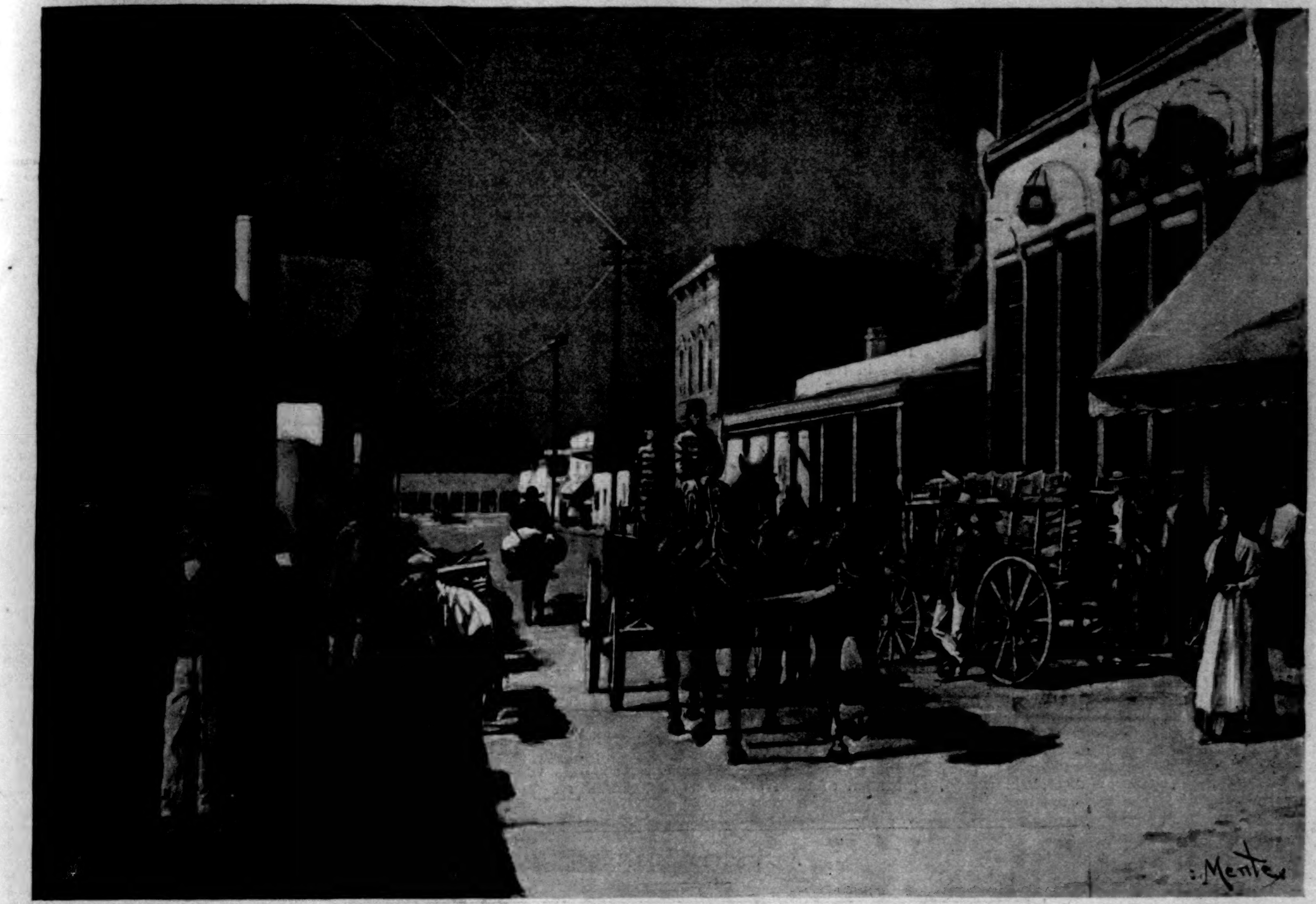
* In the *History of the Confederate States Navy*, Lieutenant-Commander John W. Moffit reports of the *Sassacus* and *Albemarle* fight:

"Near sunset, Commander Roe, of the *Sassacus*, selected his opportunity, and with open throttles and a speed of about eight knots [about ten knots] struck the *Albemarle* squarely, just abaft her starboard beam, causing every timber in the vicinity of the impact to creak and complain, but not give way. The pressure from her—the *Sassacus'*—revolving wheels was so powerful as to force the deck of the ironclad several feet below the surface of the water, and create a momentary impression that she was sinking. The crew became alarmed, and were becoming panic-stricken, when the stern voice of the undismayed Cooke checked disorder."

There was a desperate struggle between the two vessels. A boiler of the *Sassacus* was penetrated with deadly results. The *Albemarle's* tiller broke when she was rammed, the smoke-stack riddled so that bacon and lard were burned to raise steam, and the vessel leaked so that she could hardly be saved at the landing. This was a fight by a wooden boat, the *Sassacus*, against an ironclad, *Albemarle*. Lieutenant-Commander Roe said, in his official report:

"It gives me special pleasure to speak of the gallantry and devoted bearing of the officers and men. The maintenance of the fight with their guns after the frightful disaster to the boiler was worthy the proudest day of our naval history."



STREET SCENE IN SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES MENTE.

labors in these great matters have been thoroughly characterized by foresight, broad views, close calculations, wise liberality, and consummate care to bring the resources of the country to bear for the production of a naval force consistent with our dignity, and providing the plants that guarantee the development on serious demand, first, of a force to make our shores safe, and then of one competent to aggressive enterprise of a formidable character.

There are few public men whose record contains such examples of memorable usefulness, and if we count only what he has accomplished for the navy, he deserves to be held in honorable and everlasting remembrance. In that department alone Mr. Boutelle has done enough for fame. It is an uncommon glory to have served under the flag in naval combats with admirable courage and skill, and to have, at the head of the Naval Committee of the House, prepared for the restoration of his country to her place among the armed nations on the seas. As journalist and orator, and debater on the stump, in Congresses and National Conventions, Mr. Boutelle has been among those marked by his countrymen as leaders and powers. His steadfast purpose and success in bringing before Congress and the country the complex and provoking conditions of Hawaii, in the face of the opposition of friends and foes, and pouring upon them the fierce white light of history, was an achievement that might be likened to the struggle with the *Albemarle*, which was driven to take refuge where she remained until shattered by the gallant Cushing with a torpedo. Mr. Boutelle in his public capacity and private character has the charm of candor, the impetuosity of a fine enthusiasm, and the enduring excellence of a winning sincerity.

IN SANTA FE.

THE quaint old capital of New Mexico, resting in the sun on the tilted plain that leans against the mountains at the broken end of that vast rift the Santa Fe cañon, is in many respects the most interesting spot within the boundaries of the United States, not only on account of its antiquity and the fact of its connection with some of the important events of American history, but because of its conglomerate and picturesque population, the peculiarities of its architecture, and the odd, slow-moving life of the streets.

As one gets his first glimpse of it through that bright haze, which is but clearness crystallized, Santa Fe seems recumbent. There it lies enjoying its perpetual hereditament of shady mornings and sunny afternoons. Coming nearer, the stranger finds that, though reclining, it is not asleep.

Smoke wavers lazily out from certain tall chimneys; there are some manufactories, and of these he hears the hum. American civilization has long since taken this old outpost of New Spain. However, the battle between mud and mortar is still on, and though the adobe is making gradual but sure recession before the conquering brick, there remain many stout mural evidences of the sincerity with which the old Spanish builders did their rugged, lasting work.

But it is in the people and their ways that the observer is most deeply interested. Winding up and down the narrow streets, never in a hurry, and always willing to stop and stare, chaffer or sell, go the people who were born here, the people who have come here to stay, and those who have come to go away again. Nearly every nationality has its representatives, though of course the greater part of the population is Spanish-American—or "Mexican," as it is called here. The burro, with his unwieldy pack, is also present in quantity, and sometimes there may be seen even the primitive ox-cart drawn by a single reluctant beast, which makes lumbering dashes from one side of the street to the other in response to the cruel goadings of its master.

A thing which most excites the astonishment of the visitor is the extraordinary freedom which seems to be accorded to convicts. It is not unusual to see, as in the picture that accompanies this sketch, convicts in prison stripes jogging comfortably along to or from the penitentiary, apparently unattended. These fellows look after Santa Fe's sanitary interests, their services having been, by a bit of shrewd municipal management, secured to the city by legislative enactment.

Sometimes a dozen or more pass by in a body, with picks and shovels on their shoulders, not a guard being in sight. This strange license, which obtains perhaps nowhere else in the land, is more apparent than real, as there are pickets out at all times and in unsuspected places. Jail deliveries are rare, and the system is said to be most successful. It is claimed that the Spanish-speaking convicts may safely be allowed many liberties, because nearly all of them are fatalists, and accept what happens to them as inevitable; but a better reason for their submission to discipline and refusal to attempt escape lies in their strong belief in the omnipotence of civil authority, and their deep dread of the law when once it has clutched them.

Thus, when one of a body of prisoners at work in a sewer ditch was approached and asked why he did not try to escape, he answered, apparently much astonished,

"*Porque es contra la ley*" (because it is against the law).

It never occurred to him that a man who could complacently cut a throat might, without appreciably increasing his moral jeopardy, leap out of a ditch and flee from bondage.

Indeed, authority over such as these, so that it have the law for sponsor, may be quite nominal and yet effective.

WALTER JUAN DAVIS.

IN APRIL.

A RONDEL.

OH, but the April sky is bright,
And swift the swallows that Northward fly!
And the April violets, sweet and shy,
Vainly are hiding away from sight.

Their breath betrays them—our hearts' delight—
We catch it on winds that wander by!
Oh, but the April sky is bright,
And swift the swallows that Northward fly!

Winter, the cruel, was put to flight;
And March retreated, with lingering sigh—
Now the world is glad, from morning till night,
And glad as the season are you and I.
Oh, but the April sky is bright,
And swift the swallows that Northward fly!

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS, LL.D.

SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS, LL.D., who died in Baltimore Wednesday morning last, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, was one of the ablest and most brilliant men in the South. He was the Nestor of the Baltimore bar, and he it was who stood at the front in the reform fight in Maryland from the beginning of the reform movement. Absolutely fearless in a cause he championed, he was a marvellous fighter, and the strength he always wielded in any contest was due to the fact that he never made statements for which he did not have conclusive evidence. He was the spirit and the factor of the reform movement which has done more for Maryland, in the face of innumerable obstacles, than has been accomplished in any State in the South. He had a knightly courage and the courtesy of a prince, and all who came in contact with him were fascinated by his wonderful personality.

In the culture and education of Baltimore he was easily first. He was a native of that city, and he studied law in the office of the brilliant William Wirt, then the leader of the American bar. In the early years of his practice he went to Spain, and when he returned, in 1849, Messrs. Harper & Brothers published his *Glimpses of Spain*, which promptly reached a second edition, and also his *Spain, her Institutions, Politics, and Public Men*. The Royal Academy of History of Madrid recognized the value of his work by conferring upon him exceptional honors. At Copenhagen the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries made him a Fellow. He was connected with the American legation in Spain for a time as secretary, and later was sent by the United States government to examine into the Spanish land grants in Florida while that State was a Spanish province. When he returned to Baltimore he joined in the fight against Know-Nothingism, and did more than any other man to kill it in Maryland. He was in the State Legislature during the war, and was a sympathizer with the South, although opposed to the belief that the Legislature had any power to throw the State out of the Union. With other leaders, he was for a time confined in Fort Monroe and Fort Warren, but was soon released.

Mr. Wallis was an intense Democrat, but his party faith was no stronger than his opposition to machine methods and boss rule. When the Democratic party fell into the hands of the ballot-box stuffers and their sponsors, Mr. Wallis began the reform fight which has continued ever since, and which, in spite of repeated defeats, has succeeded in securing better election laws and better methods generally. He was the president of the Reform Association from its organization, and he was one of the active workers for civil service reform, local and national. There were few leading institutions of the State with which he was not connected. In 1872 he succeeded John P. Kennedy as Provost of the University of Maryland. He was one of the original trustees of the Peabody Institute; he was president of the Maryland Historical Society; he was president of the Athenæum Club. He never married. His wit was the delight of the city, and his powers of sarcasm were very remarkable. His home in the city was the rallying-point for the brightest scholarship of the town. He was a contributor to the literature of the day, he had a very large law practice, he was a linguist of unusual attainments, he sometimes wrote poetry, and many of the successful lawyers of Baltimore owe much to his advice, and very often to his more substantial assistance and encouragement. All the papers of Baltimore, without regard to party, pay the highest possible tributes to his life and his work.

THE REUNION ON THE FIELD OF SHILOH.

On the sixth and seventh days of this current month there was held a meeting in the State of Tennessee that must hold interest for every thinking citizen in this broad land of ours. On the battle-field of Shiloh, that is dotted by the thousands of little white monuments beneath which lie the bones of those soldiers who fought up and down the very hill-side where they lie, the reunited armies met.

Thirty-two years before, they were opposed in charging columns, and the angry batteries filled the woods with dead and dying. To-day they stand brothers again, marching together, and under the same flag. There will come a time when the world may wonder at such a scene as this. In the page of illustrations the second row shows the blue and the gray in line together.

This is at Pittsburg Landing where they met so long ago. Some are old men, some still with long life before them. Strange thoughts, indeed, must be in their minds, strange stories they must tell. The first line shows the ex-Confederates, headed by General James R. Chalmers, of Mississippi. These (some of them at least) are the very men who followed him when he led the famous charge on the evening of April 6th that has gone into history as "the charge of Dills Run," and just across the hollow are buried the men who never came back after the volleys broke from that row of timber trees.

The second line is made up of the survivors of the army that faced them—the men who fired the volleys. They are led by General John A. McClernand, who commanded the first division of Grant's army, and whose division met the enemy the next morning at the right of Shiloh Church. At the spot where these men are standing, one hundred thousand Union soldiers landed and marched out to battle.

The picture in the lower right-hand corner of the page represents the Union mass-meeting in the national cemetery at Pittsburg Landing. General Lew. Wallace, of Indiana, is seen delivering his farewell address. It is interesting to remember that after the retreat of the Union forces on the 6th of April, the Confederates hesitated to advance. Here is where they blundered. Late in the evening General Wallace arrived, and, with the re-enforcements landed from the gunboats, Grant the next morning turned the tables on the enemy, and they fled in disorder towards Corinth. In the speech of General Wallace he explained that his troops had marched by actual measurement over eighteen miles through muddy roads in which the artillery wheels sank to the hubs. With many of his old men standing around him on the very ground on which they fought, General Wallace, in his speech, made the assertion that his men always marched toward the enemy. The illustration in the lower left-hand corner shows the "Hornets' Nest," and the old, sunken, washed-out road where Prentiss and W. H. L. Wallace and their divisions held the enemy for eight hours. The illustration next that of the cemetery shows one of the old Shiloh Springs near the church. Here the battle opened, and the wounded from both armies gathered together in large numbers for water. It is one of the historical points in the battle-field. Another illustration shows a cedar-tree, planted by a Southern lady for the purpose of marking the spot where General Albert Sidney Johnson died. The old house at the top of the page is the Cherry mansion at Savannah, Tennessee. It was the headquarters of the army, and occupied by Generals Smith and Grant. It was in this house that General Grant was seated at the breakfast table, and Mrs. Cherry was in the act of handing him a cup of coffee, when he heard the first cannon that began the battle of Shiloh on Sunday morning. He arose from his chair and said, "The ball has opened, and we must be off to the front." The illustration with the little head-stones is a view of the national cemetery. This gives but a small idea of the appearance of the grounds, but helps one to remember the thousands who died in the two days' fight. The first illustration is the grave of Henry Burke, the hero of the poem "The Drummer-Boy of Shiloh."

AT THE SUNDAY SINGING CLASSES.

Almost any Sunday afternoon, just as the deliberate old clock in St. Mark's Church is getting ready to strike four, if you are watching you will see a small slender young man, with a dark beard and wonderfully brilliant eyes, come running down the elevated stairs at the Ninth Street station and dart across the open space to the lower door of the big triangular brownstone building which is the monument that Peter Cooper set up to science and art. Down goes the swift figure into the cavernous basement, called the Great Hall, where his coming is greeted with the clapping of hundreds of hands. Bowing and smiling, Mr. Frank Damrosch walks down to the front of the platform, and his eyes shine and glow and throw such beams of magnetic friendliness upon his pupils that one does not wonder that these young men and women read at sight almost any music that their preceptor may give them. For he catches up their minds with his eyes and carries them along with him, and as his hand beats the time, through his parted lips come soundless words which they hear and understand, and the whole congregation of them become as one, and their singing is a single great voice, full, clear, self-reliant, and controlled. There are nearly five hundred persons in this advanced class, ranging in age from fifteen to fifty, though most of them are under twenty-five. No male applicant under eighteen nor girl under fifteen is admitted to any of the classes, and each person pays ten cents every Sunday on entering, which money is found to amount to just about enough to pay for the rent of the hall and for the music sheets used. Visitors are admitted to the lessons by cards, which members may obtain from the secretary, Mr. Charles B. Stover, on payment of ten cents each.

The pupils come pouring in, boys and girls and men and women together, from the four corners of the town, some arrayed in coats and bonnets of pretension, others in plainer garments, but all well fed, bright-eyed, well brushed, and blooming. Some come chattering like school-girls at a matinée (as they are); some go more sedately; all have a certain self-reliant manner, as persons who have nothing to fear from a new or unusual task. They begin to collect fifteen minutes before the hour for the lesson to begin, and during the last five minutes they come with a rush, pupils and their friends, all the visitors sitting together at one end of the hall, and the members of the class filling almost all the other seats in the big meeting-room.

It is a rather grim old hall, that basement of Cooper Union, and it has held strange gatherings of all sorts of people, inspired with all manner of motives, from abolitionists in mass-meeting to anarchists in turbulent council, but never have its arches echoed any better words or nobler songs than those that ring out every Sunday afternoon under the beat of Damrosch's wand—the voices of the plain people, which he has trained to singing, so that there should be more music in the world and less grumbling.

Last autumn the second year's instruction began, on Sunday, October 15th, and to the advanced class were added four elementary classes, which meet each Sunday in different quarters of the city—two uptown, in Aschenbroedel Hall, 146 East Eighty-sixth Street, and in Adelphi Hall, corner Fifty-second Street and Broadway; and two downtown, in Beethoven Hall, 210 Fifth Street, and in Caledonia Hall, 10 Horatio Street, Jackson Square. Mr. Damrosch visits and instructs each of these elementary classes once in two weeks, before going to the class in Cooper Union; and each class has its own regular instructor—a competent musician, who follows Mr. Damrosch's methods closely.

Jackson Square is one of those little triangular parks which lurk around corners in odd old neighborhoods in the lower part of the city, and is in the very heart of ancient Greenwich, in the Ninth Ward. Probably there is a greater

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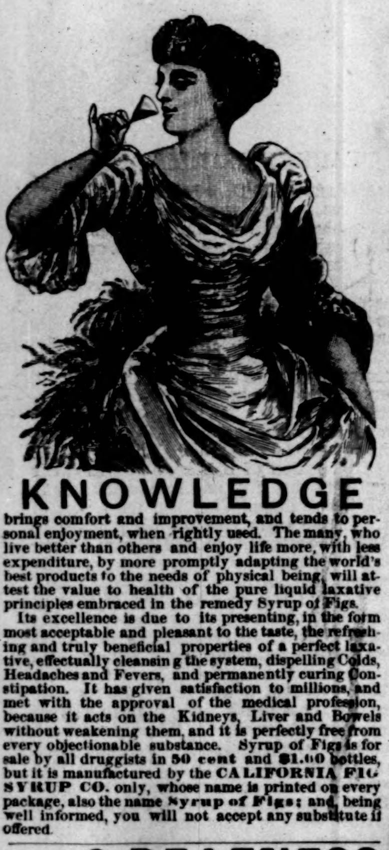

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proportion of native-born Americans in this class of some two hundred and fifty members than in any of the others, although the attendance is somewhat irregular. The other Sunday afternoon this class mustered about a hundred women and girls and some fifty men and boys. A few of the girls looked to be scarcely fifteen years old; but they were balanced by a considerable number of women who were clearly over thirty, and here and there was to be seen the wrinkled face of an old woman. Most of the men were young.

When the preceptress, Miss M. S. Doty, appeared on the platform, and pointed with her bâton to a scale written on a blackboard, the attention was instant and sustained. At first came a few exercises on the scale, in which Miss Doty hopped up and down the lines and spaces, the class following somewhat unsteadily, like sheep, and all coming out strong on the final *Do*. Then they sang the round:

> "Hark! I hear the hunters hollo!
> Through the wood the chase does follow,
> Follow where the hunters hollo."

This went bravely after one or two false starts, and they sang like birds, losing the shyness which hindered them at first. One young man struck a pitch three notes below the others, and couldn't seem to get himself up any higher. At times he appeared to know that he had strayed from the key, and sang more softly; then again, finding himself accidentally in harmony for a few notes, sang proudly and rolled his eyes. Another man, who looked like a "tough" cherub or a young ward politician out of a job, with close-cropped hair and fat jowl, stumbled along diffidently among the notes for a time, and then, becoming surer of himself, opened his mouth very wide, and let his voice come out in a wonderful bellow.

Some of the women's faces were pale and pinched, like a certain type of New England face. But all the voices, some thin and shrill, others clear, round, and sweet, joined harmoniously with the men's heavier tones in exercises and rounds written in either clef.

All indications seem to point to the full realizing before very long of Mr. Damrosch's hope as expressed in his words at the institution of the first class: "It is my purpose to teach every one who desires to learn to read music from notes, and I hope ultimately to form from the members of these classes a grand people's chorus that shall be able to sing the greatest works of the greatest masters."

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